

# The Sketch



No. 607.—VOL. XLVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON AS "MERELY MARY ANN"

IN MR. ZANGWILL'S SUCCESSFUL COMEDY OF THAT NAME AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Sarony, New York.*



*The Sketch* Office,  
Monday, Sept. 12.

IN a recent issue of the *Daily Chronicle*, an anonymous writer on theatrical subjects felt himself called upon to deplore the lack of English actresses. "We triumph," he admitted, "in the possession of Mrs. Kendal, the only at once great and typical Englishwoman upon the stage. We have Ellen Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. What have we else save some 'leading ladies' of various charm?" Now, I have not the faintest idea whether this stern critic is young or old, famous or unknown. It is quite clear, however, that he appreciates the value of facile depreciation. He knows, this wily one, that a man is far more likely to make a mistake when he praises than when he blames. Discriminate praise, you see, demands a certain faculty of discernment, of knowledge. Indiscriminate blame, on the contrary, is the easiest and safest thing in the world. The laudatory critic, you will find, is generally in the minority, the majority taking it for granted that he is rather a dull-witted fellow. The critic who depreciates consistently, on the other hand, will manage to convince seven people out of ten that he himself is some superior one. When he feels inclined, for any reason, to vary the monotony, it is always open to him to regret the days when John Smith flourished and dear old Bill Brown electrified London and the provinces as Jack Robinson in "How Many Beans Make Five?"

Why, it was less than a week ago that I overheard the dramatic critic of a famous London daily expatiating, delightedly, on the inferiority of the English actor and actress as compared with the French.

"Have we anybody," he demanded, "who can speak natural dialogue in a natural manner?"

His friend, observing that the critic paused for a reply, shook his head and helped himself to salt.

"No," this expert continued, "there is not one single actor who can give a quick, bright line in a quick, bright manner."

"Charles Hawtrey?" I ventured to suggest.

The critic, turning in his chair, eyed me with tolerant scorn.

"There you go!" he snorted. "You mention the one man who happens to be the exception."

"But you said there wasn't one," I urged, tremblingly.

"There is always," he replied, with a flash of inspiration, "the exception that proves the rule. And, even then, we have no actress who can play a corresponding part. In France, now—"

"Marie Tempest?" I whispered.

The critic thumped the table. That, I understand, is characteristic of critics.

"Another exception," he said, testily. "You have still to upset the truth of my original statement."

The argument, if one may dignify my humble indiscretions by such a term, dropped. I had not the courage to enumerate the names that came into my mind. Besides, what is the good of asking modern folk to believe in their own generation? If Shakspere were alive to-day, and had reached years of discretion, he would probably write amusing, pretty, ephemeral little plays in the style of Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. Walkley, being clever enough to recognise ability and cynical enough to appreciate superficiality, would thank Mr. Shakspere for having given him a less tedious evening than usual. Mr. Archer, being just a wee bit afraid of the humourist, would swear that Mr. William Shakspere afforded him unlimited pleasure. Mr. George Bernard Shaw would congratulate himself, more fervently than ever, on the possession of a private income. The rest of us, including the anonymous writer on theatrical subjects in the *Daily Chronicle*, would sigh for the days of Robert Jones, who was lucky enough to have been quite dead for three hundred and fifty years.

The *Daily Express* was in luck last week. It was the only paper—presumably—to which Miss Marie Corelli condescended to forward a review-copy of her new novel, "God's Good Man." Any other paper that wanted to review the book had just to send out and buy it in the usual way. Unfortunately, there is a prejudice amongst newspapers against paying out money for review-copies of books. This prejudice, I may add, is shared by *The Sketch*, so that I may be pardoned for giving you my impressions of "God's Good Man" as obtained from the column review in the *Daily Express*. The good man in question, then, is the Rev. John Walden, a "boyish, cheerful, tall, and muscular parson." His living is in the depths of the country, and that is the reason why he does not discover, until he is well over forty years of age, that English ladies smoke cigarettes and wear small shoes with pointed toes and high heels. The shoes shock him fearfully; he thinks them Satanic, but he manages to fall desperately in love with the wearer. Her name is Maryllia—which reminds one, somehow or other, of a patent medicine. Maryllia doesn't object to smoking, but she will not allow her guests to play bridge on Sundays. John Walden, for this and other reasons, comes to the conclusion that she is above him. (Personally speaking, I think he should have had more confidence in his own priggishness; I hasten to admit, however, that I am not the author of the story.) In order to bring down poor Maryllia to John's level, therefore, Miss Corelli gets her crippled for life through an accident in the hunting-field, whereupon the diffident Mr. Walden takes her to his heart.

So much for the story—as gleaned from the *Daily Express*. There is an author's note, by the way, in which Miss Corelli addresses reviewers in a style that reads like a parody of the Litany: "From all sins, whether of omission or non-omission, of construction or non-construction, . . . gentle reviewer, be merciful unto me! From wilful misquotations, from sentences garbled, . . . may an honest Press deliver me!" It is possible that this sort of humour may appeal to "God's good man." The ordinary human parson, I suspect, will consider it in rather worse taste than wearing high-heeled shoes or playing bridge on Sunday.

It is all very fine for superior people to rave against musical comedy, to declare that it is inane, that it is bad for the People, that it is killing the Higher Drama. Why don't they do something practical, these passionate ones? Why don't they show up the musical comedy in all its witlessness? Why don't they strip off the fair-seeming flesh and expose to public gaze the cheap, second-hand skeleton? Why don't they, in short, emulate Mr. Malcolm Watson? For Mr. Watson, let me tell you, has done a fine thing. He has deliberately written the book of a musical comedy and presented it in a theatre without the adventitious aid of music. More than that, he has persuaded one of the greatest goddesses of the musical-comedy stage to abet him in his scheme. Miss Ada Reeve, by appearing at the Criterion in "Winnie Brooke, Widow," has proved to us that the arts of musical comedy and comedy without music are quite distinct. Each of them, to my mind, is acceptable, in its own way; but then, of course, I am not a superior person. I should be very willing, for example, to sit out "Winnie Brooke, Widow," a second time if Mr. Malcolm Watson would restore the musical numbers that were offered to audiences in the provinces, and get some better ones added. I believe that, as a musical comedy, Mr. Watson's piece would be most pleasant. Without music, however, I am afraid I cannot recommend it to you—even for the sake of the Higher Drama.

## "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



RALPH CLEAVER'S SKETCHES OF THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY BY MESSRS. SEYMOUR HICKS AND COSMO HAMILTON.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The End of the Tibetan Difficulty—The "Nova Krai" Stories.*

ALL is well that ends well, and the little Anglo-Indian Army, having shown the Tibetans what a race-meeting is like and having initiated the Nepalese Envoy into the mysteries of betting with the Totalisator, is going to retrace its steps to India, home, and winter clothing. At the durbar, which is to be held in the vast palace of the Dalai Lama, the representatives of all the States on the North-Eastern Frontier of India will witness the "climb down" of the Tibetans, and both the Nepalese and the Bhutanese, who have had in their time troubles with the British and have made terms of peace without necessitating a journey of the victors to the capital, will, in the future, laugh in their sleeves at the obstinate Tibetans who are likely to be compelled to pay an instalment of their indemnity yearly for many decades.

Our war with Bhutan ended in a queer, topsy-turvy arrangement, worthy of a Gilbert libretto, by which the British, the victors, agreed to pay the Bhutanese a yearly sum, as the rent of some disputed land on the border and as a reward to our neighbours for keeping the peace of our marches. This was building a golden bridge with a vengeance for the defeated, but the arrangement answers admirably and Bhutan now never enters at all into the local politics of India. Nepal, the little kingdom which fought us for two years and contributed a large number of "regrettable incidents" to the British

military history of the early years of the last century, was obliged, when that fine old fighter, Sir David Ochterlony, defeated its troops on the lower range of the Himalayan barrier, to accept a Resident and his escort and cede some territory, which was given back after the Mutiny days.

The Dalai Lama is not to be deposed for his obstinacy in opposing the British demands. He has committed a far more serious crime than that. He left the sacred picture of the Chinese Emperor Chien-lung unguarded when he took flight from the Pota-la, and thus committed

PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKI, SUCCESSOR  
TO M. DE PLEHVE.

*Photograph by Serebrine, Vilna.*

a grievous offence against China, his Suzerain Power. Thus whatever troubles he has brought upon his country have arisen from his want of proper respect towards the Celestial Empire, and his deposition and an incursion of foreign barbarians into his kingdom will be recorded in the official history of China as the result of his criminal neglect of polite etiquette. The Chinese official record of the events of the Empire is a fine example of the manner in which history is made. While the Chinese Government was willing to give Colonel Gordon any reward he chose to name for having put down the great rebellion with his Ever-Victorious Army, all the historian could find to say on the subject was that the Imperial Government at this time afforded protection to the foreign barbarians at Shanghai, and when the Allies sacked the Summer Palace the fact that the Emperor went on a hunting expedition was the sole record which it was considered advisable to make.

The net result of the Tibetan expedition will be satisfactory to everybody except the Dalai Lama and his Russian adviser. The priestly families, who have always held the power during the perpetual minority of the Dalai Lamas, will regain it; China will become again a real power in the Tibetan capital, and British India will have secured the trading facilities she desires. The Dalai Lama will, no doubt, go to that Buddhist heaven which his predecessors reached at an early age, and the prophecy that the thirteenth Dalai Lama would be the last will probably be fulfilled. If Dorjeff is fortunate enough to fall down a precipice he will escape those ingenious tortures which the Tibetans reserve for unwelcome foreigners.

Anyone who is lucky enough at the time of the fall of Port Arthur to have a complete set of the numbers of the *Nova Krai* will possess a marvellous selection of murderous tales of fiction. The paper is published by the authorities of the town admittedly to keep up the spirits of the garrison, and it is a poor issue that does not send at least a thousand Japanese into space. The mine, a mile long, which blew seven hundred Japanese into atoms was a *Nova Krai* story, and the arrival of a copy of the paper at Chifu must be a

welcome change from the interview with the fugitive Chinaman which is now laughed at all Europe over.

Mukden is worth fighting for because it is the capital of Manchuria, and whatever Power holds it can claim a right to be regarded as master of the province. When the Japanese enter it, they will no doubt make very much the same use of their position there as the British did when they took Pretoria. The Boers then technically became rebels, but both they and the British understood that this was a little joke on the part of the diplomats. It will, no doubt, be consoling to the Chunghuses to learn officially from Mukden that they are no longer outlaws, but are patriots fighting to free their country from the Russian invader; but I have not the least doubt that, though the Japanese may hold Mukden, any Chunghuse who falls into Russian hands will be tortured in the local prison by the local authority, and then crucified or impaled, in spite of his being, on the best authority, a genuine patriot.

## M. DE PLEHVE'S SUCCESSOR.

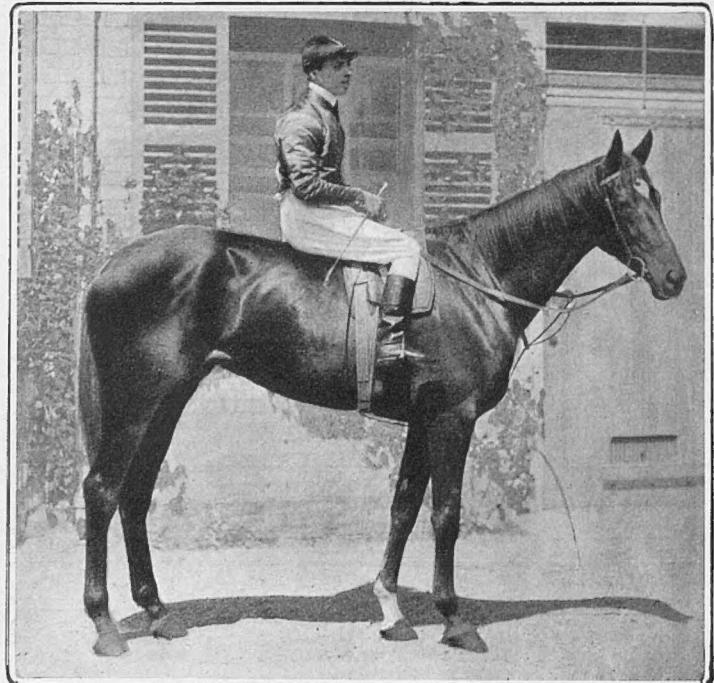
The appointment of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski to be Russian Minister of the Interior is at least a step in the right direction, for though his policy will in all probability be conservative, it is very unlikely that it will be reactionary. Unlike his murdered predecessor, the Prince has a horror of religious persecution, and he is said to be a man of somewhat delicate health and of great personal charm, so it is not surprising that the best elements in Russia welcome the Czar's choice, since they consider it denotes a desire to enter upon a more progressive policy. The Prince is comparatively young, for he is only forty-seven. He commenced his active career as a soldier, but afterwards entered the Civil Service and became a warm friend of M. Sipiaguine. He has been successively Governor of Penza, Marshal of the Nobility of the Province of Kharkoff and Ekaterinoslav, and Assistant Minister of the Interior under M. Sipiaguine and during the early days of M. de Plehve's administration. He is at present Governor-General of the Provinces of Grodno, Vilna, and Kovno. His wife, the Countess Bobrinsky, is well known for her scientific attainments and as a great admirer of Count Tolstoy. The Prince's father was one of the most brilliant Generals during the reign of Alexander II.



THE LATE MR. JOHN BILLINGTON.

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM," PAGE 337.)

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street W.*

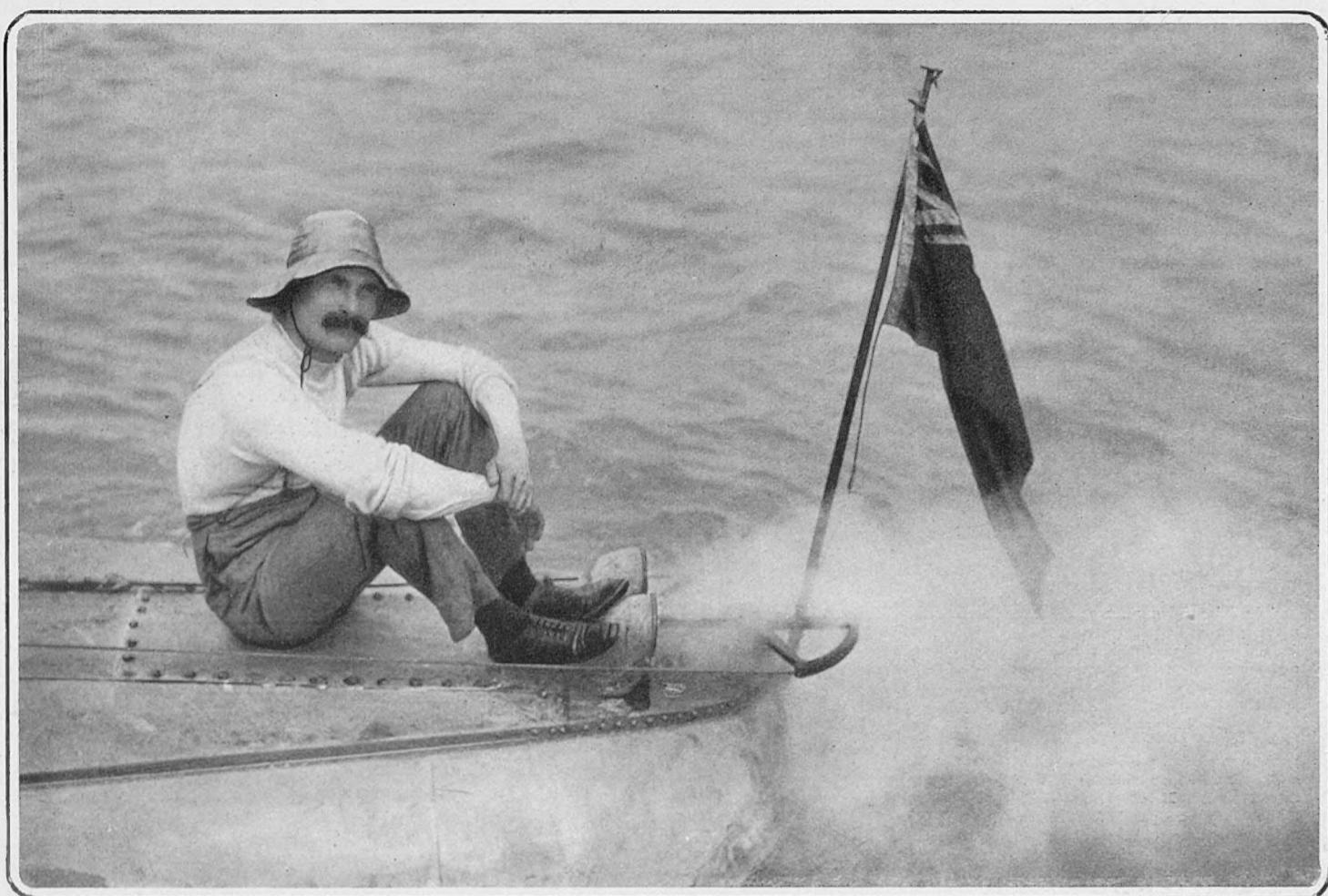


"PRETTY POLLY," WINNER OF THE OAKS AND ST. LEGER.

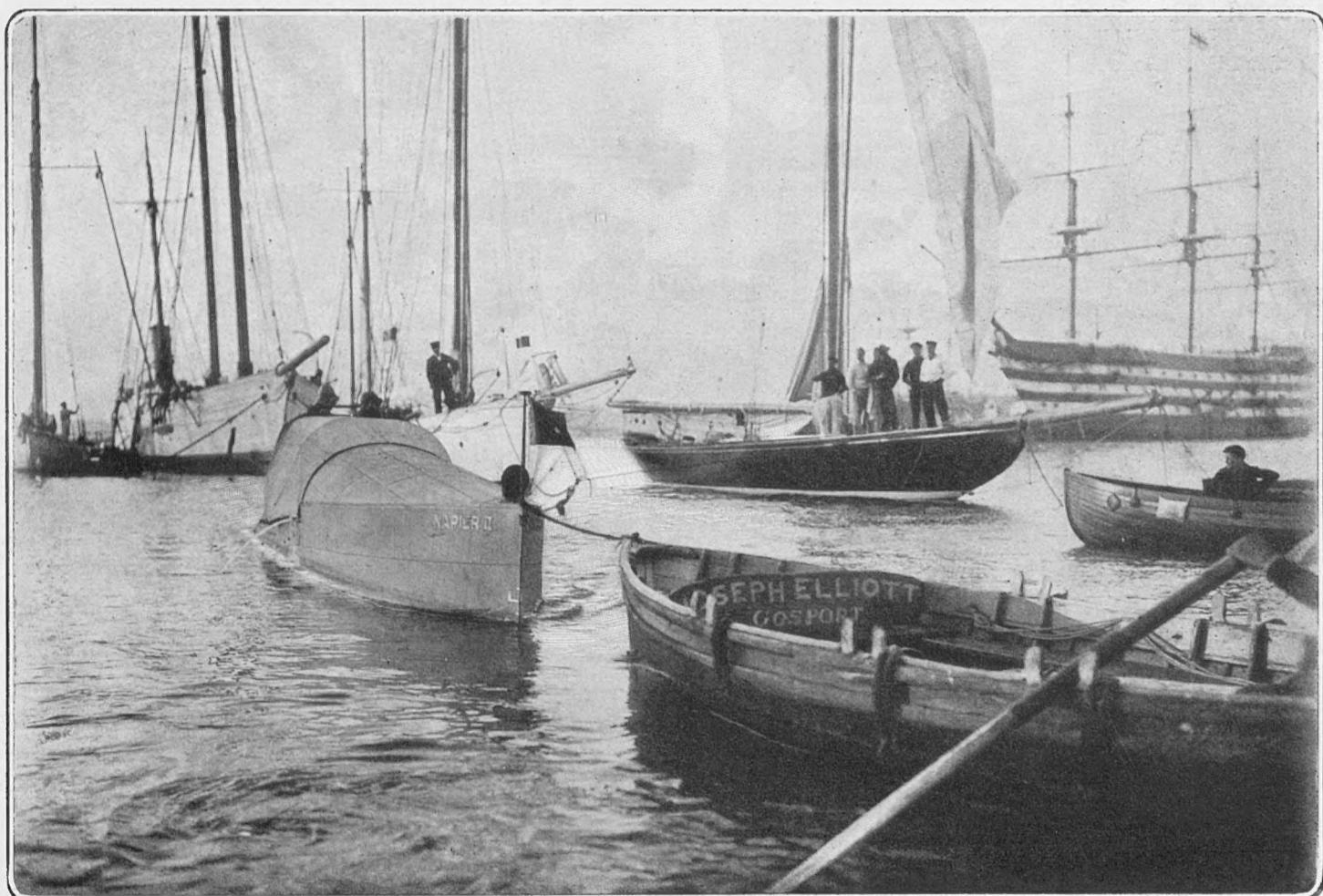
(SEE "WORLD OF SPORT," PAGE 340.)

*Photograph by W. A. Rouche, Strand.*

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE QUEEN is once more enjoying a quiet holiday in her own beloved native land as the guest of King Christian. Her Majesty is now at the Castle of Bernstorff, a place endeared to her by many associations of her girlhood and childhood; and, later, the octogenarian Sovereign will entertain a large family-party at Fredensborg Castle. The engagement of Princess Christian of Denmark's youngest sister to the German Crown Prince is

neighbourhood of Arundel. She is deeply interested in all the philanthropic schemes with which the Duke of Norfolk has been so long associated, and she is likely to prove a most energetic and capable leader of Roman Catholic Society. Arundel Castle has already been the scene of some brilliant house-parties, and it is said that the Duke and Duchess intend to entertain on a large scale during the coming winter and spring. The Duchess's only sister was married recently to Mr. Eric Drummond, a promising diplomatist, and they have lately been staying at Arundel, as have also the Duchess's parents.

*A Diplomatic  
"General Post."*

There has been, or will be by the 1st of January, a regular "general post" among the great ones of diplomacy. Sir Rennell Rodd, the cultured poet, the friend of the Empress Frederick and biographer of her noble but ill-fated husband, goes to Stockholm to succeed Sir William Barrington, who is retiring. Sir Rennell is only forty-six, and was one of Jowett's young men at Balliol. He should go far. Sir Edwin Egerton comes from the Madrid Embassy, where he has been barely a year, to succeed

a source of great satisfaction to the Danish Royal Family, and it is quite possible that the betrothed couple may pay a brief visit to Fredensborg within the next few weeks. During her stay in Denmark the Queen leads a very simple, happy life, spending most of the day with her venerable father, who is now in his eighty-sixth year. The happy family-party at Bernstorff is naturally overshadowed by the great conflict which is going on in the Far East, for the Empress Alexander of Russia, as the Dowager Czarina prefers to be called, is intensely devoted to her adopted country.

*The Braemar  
Gathering.*

Deeside is *en fête* this week, for the Braemar Gathering, which takes place to-morrow, is expected to be the most brilliant function of the kind during many years past. Clunie Park, where the Gathering takes place, is nearly opposite Invercauld House, now occupied by Mr. Newmann. But Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld are, in a sense, the host and hostess of Clunie, for the Royal personages present are always entertained by them to tea. His Majesty and the Royal party, who this year will include the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Ladies Duff, witness the march-past of the clans and the various games from a pretty pavilion. Princess Dolgorouki will be much missed, since she has let her picturesque Highland home to Lord and Lady Normanton, for neither she nor the Prince care to take part in social functions while Russia is engaged in so terrible a struggle in the Far East. Other absentees from the Gathering will be Lord and Lady Knollys, who are in deep mourning owing to the death of Lord Knollys's brother. The King has, however, lent them a charming house near Balmoral, and Birkhall is also occupied by an old and valued friend of the Sovereign, namely, Sir Dighton Probyn.

*Sport on Deeside.* The King will enjoy some excellent sport while on Deeside, both as the guest of Sir Allan Mackenzie, whose Brackley moors are famous, and also in the deer-forests of Invercauld, now rented by Mr. Newmann from Mr. Farquharson. The Prince of Wales has not been able to enjoy any salmon-fishing on the Dee, as the river has been so low, but it is hoped that he will have some excellent sport on the King's Abergeldie and Balmoral waters when the river has risen, which it always does towards the middle of September. The Duchess of Fife, who shares her brother's love of fishing, has been more successful, and during the Queen's late visit to Mar Lodge Her Majesty and the Duchess caught many loch-trout.

*The Premier  
Duchess.*

The young Duchess of Norfolk, who has just received as the wedding-gift of Littlehampton the charming portrait of herself of which we give a reproduction, has won golden opinions in the



[Photograph by White and Son.]

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.  
AFTER THE PAINTING BY MAURICE RANDALL. THE PORTRAIT WAS A WEDDING-GIFT TO HER GRACE FROM THE PEOPLE OF LITTLEHAMPTON.

Sir Francis Bertie in Rome. Sir Edwin was for long British Minister in Athens, and it was there that he married his brilliantly clever and sympathetic wife, the daughter of Prince Lobanoff and widow of M. Katkoff, the great Russian journalist. Both Sir Edwin and Lady Egerton will appreciate and be appreciated by the cosmopolitan Society of Rome. In Madrid Sir Edwin is succeeded by Sir Arthur Nicolson. Sir Arthur and the late Lord Dufferin married sisters, daughters of Mr. Rowan Hamilton of Killyleagh Castle. Sir Arthur has been for nearly ten years British Minister in Morocco, which is, or was before the Anglo-French Convention, one of the great cockpits of diplomacy. He will find Madrid a "Sleepy Hollow" by comparison.

*Lord and Lady Yarmouth.* Among future Peers and Peeresses special interest attaches to Lord and Lady Yarmouth, who will this next spring celebrate the second anniversary of their marriage. The eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford, though not much more than thirty, has already had an interesting career. At one time he was an officer in the "Black Watch," then, like Lord Rosslyn, he turned his thoughts to the stage, and he seriously contemplated becoming a member of "the profession." However, his marriage to Miss Alice Cornelia Thaw, a charming American heiress, put this out of the question. The wedding excited the greatest interest in America, and was one of the smartest functions of the kind ever witnessed at Pittsburg, the bridegroom being supported by the presence of his parents, Lord and Lady Hertford, and his brother and sister, Lord Edward and Lady Jane Seymour. The former was Lord Yarmouth's best man. Lady Yarmouth entered into Society under the best auspices—those of her mother-in-law. She has remained very devoted to her own country and has already been "home" more than once. This last summer the young couple entertained in England the American athletes of Yale and Harvard.

*The Royal Victorian Chain.* The Royal Victorian Chain, which the King has just conferred on the Czar and the Emperor of Austria, is the highest and most particularly exclusive rank in the Royal Victorian Order. That Order itself has been distributed rather freely, but not so the Chain, which was first

conferred on the late Archbishop Temple immediately after the Coronation. The Czar now receives it as a memorial of the christening of the infant Czarevitch, to whom both King Edward and his daughter, Princess Victoria, stood sponsors; and the Emperor of Austria receives it as King of Hungary, in memory of his recent meeting with King Edward at Marienbad. Another Royal meeting



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.

*Photographs by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.*

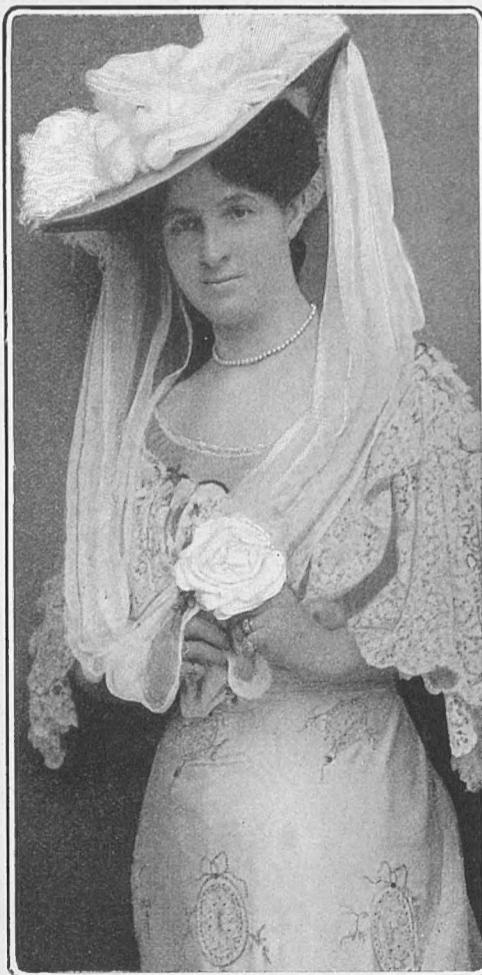
that took place at Marienbad is commemorated in the appointment of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to be "G.C.V.O."

*Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke.*

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke are great Warwickshire folk, and the present owner of Compton Verney and of Kinton House carries on the great sporting traditions for which his family have always been famous. As Mr. Greville Verney, Lord Willoughby de Broke was Member for the Rugby Division of Warwickshire, and he won a sharply contested election just after his marriage to pretty Miss Hanbury, who, both as Mrs. Verney and as Lady Willoughby de Broke, has often shown her enthusiastic interest in all that appertains to sport. Like her late mother-in-law, who was a Miss Smith-Barry, the mistress of Kinton House—for Compton Verney is generally let—is devoted to her beautiful garden.

*The Presidential Election in France.* Talk on the Boulevards is busy—perhaps moved telepathically by thought-waves across the Atlantic—with the next Presidential Election here in France (writes our Correspondent). Of course, if M. Loubet offers himself for re-election, no other candidate will stand a chance, but there is very little doubt that the President of the Republic has had enough of public life and that he is anxious for the peace and quiet of retirement. He is well on the way to sixty-seven years of age, and forty-seven of those sixty-seven years have been hard-working ones. Till a few months ago there was but little doubt as to his successor, but since the death of Waldeck-Rousseau several names have been put forward. The favourite is certainly Paul Deschanel. Though he is young-looking, he is a man of forty-eight and has a notable political record. "That young Paul," as Marie Bashkirtseff used to call him, started as a journalist on the *Journal des Débats*, went over to the *Temps*, left journalism for politics, and, after acting as a Sous-Préfet, became a Deputy in 1885. He was Vice-President of the Chamber from 1896 to 1898, then became President, and married soon after the Dreyfus case. A month ago he became father of a smaller Paul.

There is to be a novelty in schools in Paris, if rumour be credible—the School of Sleep. This is no Medical or Hygienic College, but a school for more grace in sleeping. Whether the school come into being or not, the mere announcement of it has come as a godsend to the writers of the *revues*.



LORD AND LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

*Photographs by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.*

*Mrs. Baden-Powell.* Mrs. Baden-Powell is one of the most wonderful old ladies in the kingdom. She has just celebrated her eightieth birthday, surrounded by her devoted children, who gave her a gold toilet-service in honour of the occasion. The gallant defender of Mafeking must have often turned his mind homeward during the anxious weeks and months of that historic siege, for the Baden-Powells are a very united family. On Mafeking Night Mrs. Baden-Powell's house at Knightsbridge was surrounded for hours by an enthusiastic crowd, which must have somewhat, one would suppose, have disturbed the bees whose hive has always been a prominent feature of her London home. Of late years this remarkable octogenarian has taken up astronomy as a hobby, and she spends long hours gazing at the stars.

*Royal Doubles.* Now that there is so much talk of "doubles," it is worth noting that nearly every well-known personage has a double who, by careful dressing, does his best to keep up the flattering illusion. King Edward has several, but the one with the strongest resemblance lives in the East-End. The Kaiser's double is a tailor; King Oscar of Sweden's an inhabitant of Lyons, the part of the country, by the way, from which the King's grandfather originally came; and King Leopold of Belgium's is a pickpocket, who takes advantage of the likeness to practise his rascality upon smart crowds on public occasions. Leaving the crowned heads, President Loubet, it was shown the other day, has a double in Paris, while President Roosevelt's likeness is a comic singer, who is now being made use of to throw ridicule on the Republican candidate. M. Combes, the French Premier, is the exact likeness of an old General of the Empire, while M. Pelletan, the French Minister of Marine, is doubled by a bookmaker and a cab-driver.

*An Historic Monastery.* The monastery of Zitcha, in which King Peter of Servia will be consecrated, was built in the twelfth century by the Nemanides in honour of Saints Peter and Paul. It stands in the very centre of Servia, in the valley of the Morava, among primæval forests and on a slight hill. The church of the monastery was built by the famous Saint Sava, and a remarkable thing about it is the number of doors which have been opened in its walls and then bricked up. This is due to the fact that whenever a King of Servia was consecrated in the church a new



MRS. BADEN-POWELL (MOTHER OF THE DEFENDER OF MAFEKING), WHO HAS JUST CELEBRATED HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

*Napoleonic Relics.* There is a little town in the South of France which boasts that Napoleon once lived within its walls when he was an ambitious youth. The little house in which the future Emperor stayed, and the modest chamber which was all that his means would permit him to hire, are shown with much pride by the municipality, and visitors to the shrine are conducted to the room by an old soldier, who sees that no irreverent person cuts his name upon the treasured relics. For years past the room and its ancient furniture have attracted visitors to the place, and the authenticity of the shrine has never been questioned. But, unfortunately, the Municipal Council fell out with one of the inhabitants who knew too much, and this man, out of revenge, has made public the fact that the treasured furniture was bought by the Town Council at a second-hand shop in Paris and secretly placed in the room. What is worse, he has conclusively proved his statement, and people now even doubt whether the great Napoleon ever stayed in the town at all.

*A Fighting Trappist.* The General of the Trappists, that stern order

which insists upon absolute silence among its members, has just died in Rome. His name was Sébastien Wyart, and he was a man with a history, for in 1870 he was a Captain of the Pontifical Zouaves and fought all through the Franco-Prussian War. Captain Wyart was the leader of that small band of Zouaves which, on Oct. 11, 1870, was ordered to support and encourage the raw levies of the Cher in trying to stop the march of the Germans on Orleans. With his

Mobiles of the Cher, Captain Wyart took up a position in a wood and for two hours held a Bavarian column which was marching to Orleans. For this exploit he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, but six months after the end of the war he became a Trappist monk and ended what might have been a brilliant military career in the silence of the Order.

*Three Pretty Sisters.*

Ireland has long been famed for the beauty of its daughters, and there are few groups of sisters in Society who can compare in charm with the seven daughters of Ellen, Lady Inchiquin, one of whom, Miss Clare O'Brien, became the wife this summer of Major Lowry-Corry. Since the marriage of their eldest half-brother, the present



THE HON. MAUDE O'BRIEN.



THE HON. EILEEN O'BRIEN.



MRS. LOWRY-CORRY.

THREE CHARMING IRISH GIRLS, DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE LORD INCHIQUIN.

Photographs by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

entrance was cut for him, which was built up again as soon as the ceremony was over. King Peter's crown, sceptre, and globe have been made in Paris out of an old bronze cannon captured from the Turks by the first Karageorge, and the regalia has cost only eight hundred pounds.

Lord Inchiquin, the Misses O'Brien have spent a good deal of their time in London, though, as a matter of fact, they are often in Ireland, for their mother, Ellen, Lady Inchiquin, is a daughter of Lord Annaly.

*A Charming American Peeress.*

Lady Essex may claim to be one of the most beautiful of the many fair Americans who have become British Peeresses. As Miss Adèle Grant, she was considered the loveliest unmarried American ever seen in English Society, and her engagement first to one and then to another great *parti* was often rumoured. Some ten years ago she became the second wife of Lord Essex, and so mistress of Cassiobury Park, one of the most splendid of country places near London. Lady Essex has two little daughters, of whom the eldest has the curious names of Iris Athenais. She is very fond of France, and is likely to be often in Paris, for her sister, so long popular in English Society as Mrs. Padelford, has recently married the Comte de Bréteuil.

*Czar and Soothsayer.*

With all his belief in the supernatural, the Czar does not hesitate to punish the soothsayer when he deems such punishment salutary, and, as a result, a well-known clairvoyant of Perm is now in jail for "speaking disrespectfully of the Imperial Family." This gentleman was indiscreet enough not only to celebrate the birth of the Czarevitch by an over-indulgence in liquor, but, in the freedom of intoxication, to announce to the company in a restaurant that he had seen "a young Alexis sliding into a pit of wickedness." His excuse, when sobered, that he was referring to his nephew availed him nothing.

*Two American Hotels.*

The new Anglo-American hotel which is to be erected in London, and which, it is said, will be called the "Fitz," in punning allusion to the state into which the Britisher is to be thrown by its magnificence, is not to be alone in its glory. The newest New York hostelry represents the apotheosis of ostentation. It is destined for the sole use of millionaires, multi-millionaires, and their kin, and the highest charge for a suite of rooms is a mere twenty thousand a year—in pounds. The originator may count on success until a more expensive and, consequently, even less aristocratic establishment is opened: his customers will assuredly leave him when that happens.

*Mr. Ion Perdicaris on Raisuli.*

Mr. Ion Perdicaris's opinion that Raisuli was the most kindly-hearted native gentleman he had met seems to have gained rather than to have lost strength in course of time, and we now have the former victimiser shall be given a mission to restore order in Morocco. Is Mr. Perdicaris the most forgiving of men, or is he merely a believer in the old saw, "Set a thief to catch a thief"? Another possibility: can the brigand have dictated the article, in which he is pictured as "a strong man, desirous of seeing his country developed," to his captive, and insisted, forcibly, upon its publication?

*Lady Hastings.* Lady Hastings is one of the many beautiful and gifted daughters of Lord and Lady Suffield. Next year she and Lord Hastings will celebrate their Silver Wedding, but, in spite of their six sons and daughters, of whom the eldest, His Majesty's godson, is in the 7th Hussars, they have both retained a great look of youth. Lady Hastings is a Norfolk hostess, for Lord Hastings' principal seat is Melton Constable. Both Lord and Lady Hastings take a great interest in gardening, and especially in fruit-culture. Their eldest daughter, who is a god-daughter and namesake of the Queen, will probably make her *début* next Season.

*A Royal Betrothal.* The betrothal of the Crown Prince to the young and beautiful Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg overshadows all other topics of interest in Germany (writes our Correspondent). If Royal matches were arranged mainly with a view to their popularity with the public,

it could be said that this one has in it every element of success. But the Court chroniclers agree in assuring us that it has been a love-affair pure and simple all the way through. The Duchess won the heart of the German heir at their first meeting, on the occasion of the assumption of the throne by her brother, the reigning Grand Duke, three and a-half years ago. The Crown Prince acquainted his parents with the impression her charms had made on him, and in due course received their permission to prosecute his suit. Meanwhile, frequent meetings with the Duchess had confirmed his first impressions. It is even said that the Crown Prince confessed his love to the Duchess some eighteen months ago, and that, in the language of ordinary life, the Royal couple then became secretly engaged. The secrecy, of course, was towards the public and not towards their parents, who were agreed in thinking that the engagement ought not to be allowed to become formal until the young lovers had had ample time to test the firmness and constancy of their affections. The test was triumphantly withheld, and its result, a State betrothal, was proclaimed little more than a week ago.

*The Crown Prince and his Fiancée.*

By the public the announcement was received with acclamation. It had been feared that the affections of the Crown Prince might fasten on a foreign Princess, and, when it was learned that he had won the hand of the Duchess Cecilie, whose stately figure and gracious manners had excited the admiration of the level-headed Berlin populace on the few occasions on which she had driven through the streets of the capital, the chorus

of public approval was unbroken by a single dissentient voice. The Crown Prince, as most people know, is in his twenty-third year—an age, by the way, at which his father was already married. He is a tall and somewhat delicate-looking young man, but is said to resemble the present Emperor in many characteristic respects. Several incidents have proved that, despite his profound sense of the dignity of his position, he is not without the capacity of appealing to the popular instincts of the nation. He is a promising soldier and sportsman, and is possessed of much of the will-power that marks the personality of his father. The *fiancée* of the Crown Prince is rapidly approaching her eighteenth birthday. Her education in recent years has been largely in the hands of Miss King, an Englishwoman, who was born and brought up in Russia. Though her mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, is a Russian by birth, she has reared her daughter in German sentiments. The fact that a large portion of the young Duchess's time has been spent at Cannes has not been allowed to interfere with the distinctively German character of her education. She is an accomplished linguist, speaking with ease English, Russian, and French, in addition to her mother-tongue. Her musical training has also been carefully attended to, and she is said to be a good performer on the piano. But her chief interest centres in the affairs of the household.

*The future Crown Princess and German Empress*

*Dynastic Aspect of the Betrothal.* is related to the Russian Royal Family through her grandfather, the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, the only surviving brother of the Emperor Alexander II. Her grandmother was the Princess Cecilie of Baden, a sister of the present Grand Duke, who is an uncle of the Kaiser. The Duchess Cecilie is also related to the Royal House of Denmark through her elder sister, Alexandrine, who married Prince Christian, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. With the House of Cumberland she is connected by the marriage of her brother, the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose wife was received last week with such distinction by the German Emperor. Both the Emperor and Empress are to visit Schwerin.



THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX,  
SECOND WIFE OF THE EARL, AND DAUGHTER OF  
MR. BEACH GRANT, OF NEW YORK.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.



LADY HASTINGS, A DISTINGUISHED NORFOLK HOSTESS.  
After a Painting by Stuart Wortley.

*"The Earl of Egypt."*

Lord Cromer ought to bear the title of "Earl of Egypt," for certainly no Englishman has conferred more solid benefits on the Land of the Pharaohs,

in modern times at least. A scion of the great Baring clan, which has added two Earldoms and two Baronies to the Peerage, he nevertheless, as a younger son, had his own way to make in the world, and he has made it with a vengeance. A natural genius for finance, trained in India, where he was Financial Member of Council—that is, the Viceroy's Chancellor of the Exchequer—is the secret of his power. We admire, and justly, the military achievements of Lord Kitchener in Egypt, the monumental public works created by Sir William Garstin and Sir John Aird, the pure Judiciary organised by the late Sir John Scott, but none of these fine things would have been accomplished if Lord Cromer had not found the money. When he went to Egypt, her credit was low, her finances utterly disorganised, but now her stock is counted almost as "gilt-edged" as Consols.

*The Countess of Cromer.*

Lady Cromer is now in this country enjoying a brief holiday from her really onerous duties as principal English hostess of the Egyptian capital.

She was before her marriage to the great Empire-maker whose name she has now borne for three years Lady Katherine Thynne, one of the sisters of the present Lord Bath. Lady Cromer spent her youth at



LADY CROMER, WHO IS ENJOYING A BRIEF HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND.

Photograph by Beresford.

beautiful Longleat, and as a girl she was noted for her great culture and love of beauty. Her eldest sister is Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart, and the younger, Lady Beatrice Thynne, is still unmarried. The British Consulate-General at Cairo has frequently been described; it is a fine, impressive building, admirably suited to the giving of great receptions and entertainments. Lady Cromer has made the rooms set apart for her own and Lord Cromer's private occupation very charming, and her baby daughter is a triumphant proof that British children can thrive and keep well in the city of the Khedive.

*The New Governor-General.* Earl Grey, whose appointment as Governor-General of Canada has been approved by public opinion, has had a long experience of affairs. When he was in the House of Commons he took an active part in its business and was noted as a clever and frank speaker. The House, indeed, expected in the early 'eighties that Mr. Albert Grey (as Earl Grey then was) would, in due course, obtain important office in a Liberal Government, but the Home Rule split falsified many hopes and predictions. Mr. Grey associated himself with the Duke of Devonshire and other Unionists, and in after years he turned his energies to South African administration. He was Government Administrator of Mashonaland from 1896 to 1898 and was connected with several of Mr. Rhodes's enterprises. Earl Grey is an able and shrewd man, with an easy, affable manner.

*A Ducal Shooting-Lodge.*

For the first time for a generation, Glenfiddich, in Upper Banffshire, has been let this season by the Duke of Richmond. It is a capital forest for grouse and deer. The Lodge is a long, low building in white, plain-looking but capable of accommodating a large party. The late Duke occupied it for a part of every autumn, and was accustomed to drive to the parish church of Mortlach in a dogcart, wearing a jacket suit and a low hat. Glenfiddich has been let for the sporting season to the Earl of Durham, who is entertaining many of his friends.

All being well, the confident hope expressed in the King's Coronation message to the people of India that the Prince and Princess of Wales would, before long, be able to make themselves personally acquainted with our greatest dependency—"a country which I have always desired that they should see, and which they are equally anxious to visit"—is likely to be realised in October of next year. Already, we are told, native workmen are engaged on the construction of

a special train which is to cost twenty thousand pounds. Meantime, it has been arranged that an Indian Empire Exhibition shall be held in the Whitechapel Art Gallery, and the King has agreed to head the list of loan exhibitors. Could not His Majesty go further, and decree that a portion of the twenty thousand pounds already mentioned should be diverted to this excellent enterprise? Some of it might surely be spared without sacrificing any of the dignity that is doubtless necessary to a royal progress in a country of Princes Magnificent.

*A Grand-Ducal Bridal Pair.*

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin have seen their own happy marriage followed at a very short interval

by the prospect of an even more important bridal. Peculiar interest attaches to the relations of the new Grand Duchess and the Prussian Court, for there has long been, and very naturally so, a deadly feud between the House of Hohenzollern and the House of Hanover. So much was this the case that on the occasion of the marriage of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Princess Alexandra of Cumberland the Prussian Court was not represented at Gmünden. Since her marriage, however, the Royal bride has been received with unusual magnificence in Berlin, and it was noted that the German Emperor treated her with special deference. This is now, of course, to a certain extent, explained by the fact that the Kaiser's beautiful guest is so soon to be the sister-in-law of his eldest son, whose betrothal has recently been announced.



LORD CROMER, BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE IN EGYPT.

Photograph by Beresford.



THE GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Photograph by Jagerspacher, Gmünden.

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MY morning paper publishes a brief notice of great significance in one of the corners not required by the War, Mr. Adolf Beck, or the Church of Scotland. It is to the effect that the Ameer of Afghanistan has sent certain powerful chiefs and tribesmen to preach a *Jehad* in the farthest provinces of his great kingdom. Now a *Jehad*, or Holy War, calls upon all Mohammedans to turn their reaping-hooks and ploughshares into the most effective weapons of war and offer the True Faith or death to all the Unbelievers. It is the last argument employed by Islam, and, should the news of the proclamation prove true, interest will shift suddenly from the Far to the Middle East. If the Sultans of Turkey and Morocco, with the advice of their theological cabinets, should proclaim a Holy War, therewould be universal strife the world over, and even Habbibullah Khan has a sufficient following to justify general uneasiness when he sends his most trusted fanatics to rouse a warlike people. I was beginning to hope that Afghanistan had a wiser ruler. His treatment of the men who prophesied plague was altogether admirable. They were imprisoned, with the comforting assurance that if no plague was notified within the specified time they should be put to death. Happily an earthquake came along, and they have been able to assure their Royal master that it swallowed the threatening pestilence.

I read that the German Emperor is credited with a very fine scheme of foreign policy. He has observed that Russia's campaign in the Far East has not been conspicuously successful hitherto, and, naturally, he is not anxious to see a condition arise in which his Eastern neighbour has no further scope for Asiatic enterprise. That would lead to more Russian attention to the politics of the Balkans, Turkey, and Asia Minor than Germany could welcome. So long as Russia is content to bleed to death in the Far East, Germany will do what she can to help, her assistance ranging from supplying artillery and cruisers to sending telegrams of congratulation or condolence. And when both combatants have had enough, the Kaiser is credited with the intention of proposing a Russo-Japanese-German alliance to settle the questions relating to the Far East and to the trade of the Pacific. Such alliance would separate Russia from France and Japan from Great Britain. Germany would be the predominant partner and would obtain the senior partner's share of the profits. All that remains is for Russia and Japan to patch up their quarrel and become friends for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of the Kaiser.

Though this scheme seems far-fetched and fantastic, it is clear that Germany, landlocked by France and Russia, and with a birth-rate that sends her population along at the rate of a million a year, must disturb the world's peace sooner or later. Japan's permanent success would close China to her, the United States continues to build big warships and insist that the Monroe Doctrine is quite a first-class affair, most of Africa belongs to Great Britain or France, so the plight of Germany is more or less serious. In the next twenty years she must pick a quarrel with some wealthy colonising Power—probably Great Britain.

An indignant lady writes to my morning paper to suggest that a private road should be built for motor-cars by motorists. It appears that out of every two hundred of the population one rides in a motor-car. The odd hundred and ninety-nine are driven from highway and byway, put in peril of their life, startled by the noise, offended by the odour, compelled to hold their horses' heads and send the children for their pony-rides in charge of a careful groom. And, as the indignant lady, now grown sorrowful, remarks, many people haven't got grooms. Apparently it is time for the hundred and ninety-nine to rise in their wrath and drive the raging motor-man or woman to a track where speed-limits are not, and the motorist risks no other life than his own. It is an excellent letter of protest that I condense here, and August and September are the proper months in which to give general grievances an airing.



Mrs. Fulks-Meesom (Miss Nancy Price).

Lady Anne Kellond (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

A SCENE FROM "THE CHEVALEER," AT THE GARRICK.

MRS. FULKS-MEESOM: *Ever since a conversation I had with Mr. Spilsby in the new cemetery at twilight, I have felt my whole character undergoing a complete change.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

Lieutenants Terauchi, Fukushima, and Mouraki are reported killed; the first-named was son of the Minister of War, the second was son of one of the Mikado's most brilliant Generals. The same telegram that records the casualties announces that Generals Terauchi and Fukushima have given a banquet in honour of the Japanese victory. It was quite an official function, at which the Imperial Princes, Ministers of the Cabinet, Elder Statesmen, and Army and Navy Staffs in Tokio were present. For these Generals there could be no question of private loss. The success of the national cause was matter for rejoicing, so they rejoiced. This truly extraordinary spirit suggests that Russia has a very long way to go before she can sign a treaty of peace in Tokio. She would be well advised to sign in Harbin on the best terms obtainable.

TWO SCENES FROM "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE,"  
AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Captain James Barley (Mr. Cyril Maude). Lieut. Seton Boyne (Mr. Kenneth Douglas).

Augustus (Mr. Robert Bottomley).

ACT. III.—AN OPEN MEADOW NEAR HEDGE END. CAPTAIN BARLEY GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO THE CREW OF THE "HEART IN HAND."



Lieut. Seton Boyne.

Captain James Barley.

Ethel Smedley (Miss Jessie Bateman).

ACT. III.—LIEUTENANT SETON BOYNE, TO THE INDIGNATION OF CAPTAIN BARLEY, SUGGESTS THAT HE SHALL BREAKFAST WITH THE SKIPPER AND ETHEL.

*Photographs by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE GARDEN OF LIES"—"MARGUERITE"—"ERIKSSON'S WIFE"—"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER"—"MERELY MARY ANN."

IT is difficult to think that Mr. Sydney Grundy wrote his new play quite seriously. Sometimes it is clear that the authors of "romantic dramas" believe in them, and what to us appears bombastic and preposterous to them seems poetical and imaginative; but an experienced author of many clever, witty plays can hardly

have gulled himself concerning the adaptation of Mr. Forman's novel. One imagines him telling himself that the public wants pseudo-romance and sitting down grimly to write it. To what extent he and the novelist respectively are entitled to the credit of producing a work resembling so greatly the Ruritania stories and "If I Were King" I shall never know, since the knowledge could only be obtained by reading the novel. The pity is that the resemblance does not involve a similarity in quality, for the most amiable can hardly see in the new St. James's piece the merits which distinguished its prede-

cessors. This may not prevent success. Indeed, I believe—and fear—that there are thousands of playgoers who will revel in the story of the drunken scamp and the lady with red hair and an abnormally imperfect mind. One cannot criticise the work. No reasonable standard of probability, code of morals, system of manners, scheme of life, or theory of art exists outside the playhouse by which it may be judged, and to use the theatrical as criterion for the theatrical involves a vicious circle suggestive of the efforts of a Manx cat to catch its tail, or of Cyrano de Bergerac's methods of reaching the moon. The relieving element to the critic lies in the too brief humours of the Scots physician, cleverly and amusingly played by Mr. Mark Kinghorne.



MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL,  
AUTHOR OF "MERELY MARY ANN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.  
Photographed for "The Sketch."

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One writes a little bitterly because Mr. George Alexander has such a splendid record of plays in his career as manager that he ought to leave such works alone. It may be guessed that, staggered by the depression in theatredom, he has sadly determined to aim lower, at least for a while, and it is hard to blame him. In the past he has shown a highly laudable desire to aid the movement of English drama, so one may hope that "The Garden of Lies" will have sufficient success to induce him afterwards to present something for fame. After all, it is possible, in a way, to justify some of the phrases that have been used—such as "highly emotional," "replete with interest," "stirringly eventful," "picturesque," and I believe that many will use them with sincerity. Certainly the play contains plenty of the scenes generally found effective. No actor's art could render Denis an agreeable or credible person, and it says much for Mr. Alexander's skill that he succeeded in holding the house and, at times, deeply moving it. Miss Lilian Braithwaite seemed to play the character of the heroine in a rather too straightforward fashion. Mr. Charles Fulton and Mr. Leslie Faber laboured excellently in two necessary but dull parts. There was a curious foreign note of passion in the Prince as played by Mr. Dansey.

All the world went to see Miss Ashwell's début as manageress, and she had what is called a splendid "send-off." Her choice of "Marguerite" can hardly be commended, since the work is a somewhat

exasperating, typical specimen of the "star"—actress play which renders no service to drama; and it was not very well chosen for the purpose of exhibiting Miss Ashwell's quality. Her successes—brilliant successes, the greatest of them in "Mrs. Dane's Defence"—have been in the character of modern neurotic women, and such bold, frank, straightforward hussies as "La Montansier," even seen through the spectacles of an American adapter, are obviously not within her line. Whatever the value of the Conservatoire system, it turns out dozens of players better fitted for these showy, rhetorical parts than English actresses of far finer temperament. The net result was that Miss Ashwell had fuller scope for exhibiting her weak than for displaying her strong points. "Marguerite" is just what one expected. It was alleged that Mr. Michael Morton had improved the work in adapting it; this is true in that he has shortened it, but not otherwise.

The house seemed very well pleased, and it may be that "Marguerite" will enjoy more success than "La Montansier," for, just as our players, whilst in some aspects superior to the French, are their inferiors in presenting this class of work, so our audiences are behind the Parisian public in correctly appreciating them, and we swallow greedily what in "La Ville Lumière" is condemned by the term *vieux jeu*. Consequently, even if some of the critics have been throwing cold water, Miss Ashwell need not take a gloomy view of her start. Her own performance was heartily applauded. This should not deceive her into the belief that she has caught the trick of such parts and is able to deliver the artificial speeches with the technical skill that makes them glow—for a moment; and it must be noted that, in attempting to employ a more lavish system of gesticulation than would have been suitable in most of her parts, she betrayed an ignorance of the art of suiting the action to the word that ought to be cured. Fortunately, there were scenes, chiefly in the last part of the play, where her peculiar and delightful gifts enabled her to shine and render all, save the critical, forgetful of the fact that the earlier scenes had not given her a triumph. Mr. Frank Mills played the part of Neuville quite excellently and with surprising dignity. Mr. Charles Groves had the Coquelin and Cyrano character, and was more successful in the comic scenes than in the low-comedy passages or the sentimental, but, on the whole, gave a sound piece of acting. Miss Sydney Fairbrother played quite brilliantly as one of the French actresses in the play.

Christopher St. John was unlucky in having "Eriksson's Wife" presented by a Company incapable of doing justice to it, and it is difficult to express a confident opinion concerning the tragic, rather lurid, short play about the father who killed his son for the sake of a worthless woman. It exhibits power and capacity for writing strenuous dialogue; indeed, her adaptation of the Dutch drama, "The Good Hope," showed considerable talent for writing dialogue.

"Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," one of the few successes of last season, seems rather strengthened by the prologue added to it and written by the authors of the play, who, of course, have been able to preserve the sentiment of the work and have given rather striking scenes to Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. McKinnel. The original Company is still in the bill, and the spirited acting of the players I have named and of Mr. Lyall Swete, with the pretty playing of Miss Grace Lane, seems to promise a considerable lease of life for the work.

There is space this week only to record the splendid reception of "Merely Mary Ann" and of Miss Eleanor Robson, the new American actress, who can hardly complain of the coldness of an English audience. Mr. Zangwill now seems to have reached a position from which he can afford to write in a severer style than that of "Mary Ann," and may heartily be congratulated on his success. He has caught accurately the note of sentiment and humour that appeals to Londoners, though to a minority the sentiment sounded false. I fancy that the excision of the deplorable last Act would not prevent the success of the play, for during the first three there is enough of the story to delight and satisfy playgoers, and they would probably endure an unhappy ending for once. Miss Robson closely resembles Miss Annie Russell in style, and plays with the same intense sincerity and anxiety to avoid the merely theatrical: she was quite admirable till the last Act, in which she was rather insignificant; in fact, she suffered with the play. Mr. Henry Ainley acted the difficult part of Lancelot with very great skill; he means to become a force in the theatres. Clever performances were given by Miss Dwyer, Miss Garden, Miss Wynter, and Miss Susie Vaughan, also by Messrs. du Maurier, Raiemond, Willis, Douglas, and Charles Cartwright.

## ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS EVIE GREENE.



MISS GREENE IS AT PRESENT ON TOUR IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," TOGETHER WITH THE FULL COMPANY FROM THE LYRIC.

*Photograph by Elkin and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## THE END OF THE BATHING SEASON:

SOME SNAPSHOTS ROUND THE FRENCH COAST.



LEARNING TO SWIM.



READY TO JUMP THE WAVES.



CAUGHT!

*Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.*

## THE END OF THE BATHING SEASON:

SOME SNAPSHOTS ROUND THE FRENCH COAST.



BÉBÉ EMERGES FROM HER BATHING-CABIN.



BÉBÉ WAVES A LAUGHING FAREWELL TO HER MOTHER.



BÉBÉ RETURNS SAFE AND SOUND.



A GIRLS' SCHOOL: ENTERING THE BATHING-CABINS.



A GIRLS' SCHOOL: THE BATHING-MASTER OFFERS SOME WORDS OF ADVICE TO THE YOUNG SWIMMERS.

*Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.*

## REPAIRS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

"I'M going to see Father William about repairs to his cottage," said the agent, checking his dogcart. "Can I give you a lift?"

I agreed that he could, and we drove together. Father William met us by the gate. In one hand he exhibited a rat that he had just taken from the spring-trap at the garden's end, the other hand nursed two fine lettuces. He responded to the agent's greeting, but ignored mine, for I am in disgrace.

"I've come about the repairs," said the agent, cheerfully.

"An' well ye might," replied Father William, in acid and reproachful tone. "Sixty-five year I've lived 'ere an' pide me rent reg'lar, an' th' place tumblin' to pieces. I'm 'shamed on ye, an' no mistake. Do ye make th' ole place fit f'r a man what's in years 'fore we gits another winter, f'r I feels th' cold, an' that's a fact."

"Well," said the agent, cheerfully, "we'll soon make things right for you, anyway." He took out his note-book. "To begin with, we'd better have the thatch stripped and put tiles or slates on," he suggested. "It's very ragged up there."

"Do ye leave th' thatch to bide where it be!" interrupted Father William, sharply. "It ain't 'armed ye, as I'm aware. An' don't ye come bringin' y'r nasty ole tiles nor slates neither, for I never couldn't abide them. Th' roof'll do, an' it's me what lives under it, an' pies for 'ut reg'lar."

"Certainly, if you wish," replied the agent, crossing through the note in his book. "I don't want to arran' e for anything you don't want done. May I come inside? The pony will stand quiet."

"Do ye both come in," said Father William, depositing the rat on the top of the close-clipped hedge, that all who passed down the road

might see it. "I was jest a-comin' from pickin' up th' gre't ole rat out o' me trap, an' it's wery many on 'em I catches, an' nobody can't deny ut. There's folks," he continued, after a brief pause to recover wind, "there's folks what says, 'Do ye don't leave they traps 'bout y'r garden, Father William, 'cos they catches me dogs.' An' I say to sich as they, 'It's the fault o' y'r dogs, or y'r gre't fool of a boy what don't look after 'em; it ain't no concern o' mine, an' I'll set me traps so long as there's a nasty gre't rat left."

The old gentleman's fierce little eyes were bent against me, but I made no sign.

"Come in, both o' ye," he repeated. "I ain't got nothin' to 'ide an' nothin' to be 'shamed on. I'm open most all th' time to right-for'ard men, an' wimmin too, though I don't take much count o' them, an' that's the truth. Ye can look into me parlour an' into me garden an' see me wegebles growin', same as these lettuces what I've just cut, and fine 'uns they be. There ain't no concealment 'bout me, an' never was."

We entered the cottage. Certainly the ceiling was black, and Father William had put hooks in every rafter and had hung household treasures from them. Here was the frame of a butterfly-net, there was a piece of waterproof, and I saw scissors and gardening-tools and a crook that looked twin brother to the one that brought the old man's shepherding staff to an end. The wall was decorated with pictures from various illustrated journals presented by me from time to time and pasted over the paper.

"Ceiling whitewashed?" queried the agent.

"Tain't likely!" snapped the right-forward man. "I ain't goin' to 'ave all me things covered wi' lime-wash. I couldn't never abide that, an' I ain't goin' to."

"Walls re-papered?" said my companion, successfully hiding a smile from the lawful tenant.

"Ye shan't touch they walls, an' don't ye try ut," said Father William. "Like to scrape away all me pictures, I doubt, an' gi'e me suthin' what ain't as pretty. I'm s'prised on ye. Do ye leave me walls alone, an' see to th' t'other things what wants doin' up."

"Well, let's go into the scullery and upstairs," suggested the agent; but before he could move more than a couple of steps in that direction, Father William had anticipated him with surprising energy and barred the way.

"Don't ye try ut!" he cried; and went on, with outstretched hand and flashing eyes, "Do ye keep where ye are, or go outside 'fore I makes ye." He sparred for wind.

"Sixty year an' more I've lived 'ere," he cried, "an' pide me rent, an' well ye knows ut. An' now ye come 'ere an' want to walk all o'er me 'ouse, same as it b'longs to ye, an' go into me scullery an' up into me bedroom, an' that ye shan't. Do ye go y'r ways now, 'fore I takes me crook-stick to ye. There ain't been nobody in me bedroom this forty year, an' shan't be, nor in me scullery neither."

"But, my good fellow, how can I see to repairs if I don't see your rooms?" cried the agent.

"Do ye don't call me a good feller o' yourn," snapped Father William, "for I pies me rent an' b'longs to meself. An' don't ye ast me to teach ye y'r business, for I on't dò ut: I never come to ye to ast ye to teach me shepherdin'. An' ye couldn't ha' taught me if I ad, I doubt. I sent f'r ye to make me place fit an' right, not to rob me o' me thatch, an' spile me walls an' mess me ceilin', an' go a-spyin' in me scullery an' me bedroom. An' I'm tellin' ye to go quick, 'fore I—"

"Don't get excited, Father William," said the agent, closing his book with a bang and picking up his hat. "I'm not going to stay. Good-day." So saying, he turned to the door, mounted the dogcart, and drove away.

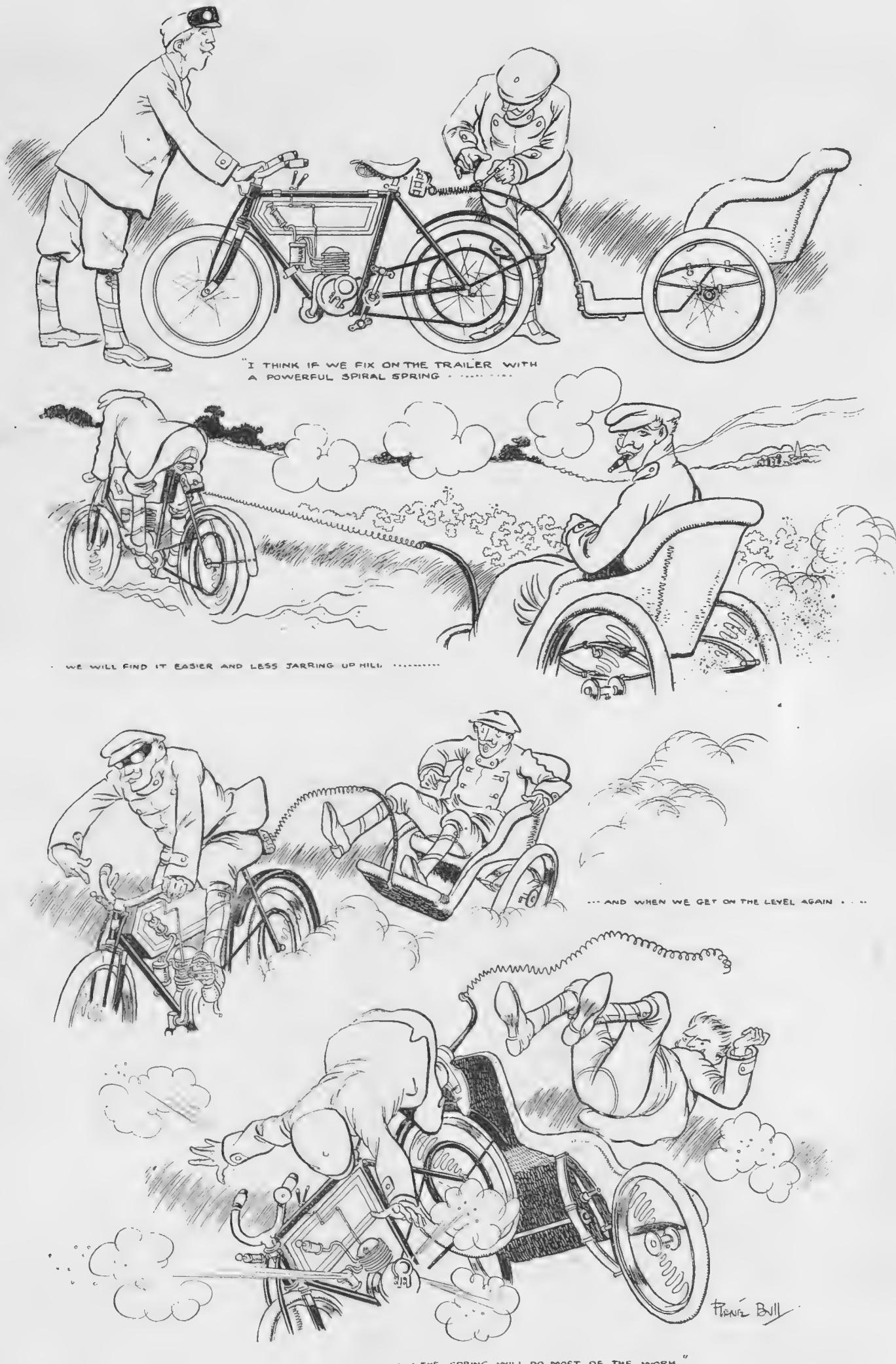
"An' right glad I am ye're goin'," remarked Father William, following him into the road. "Th' fool," he added, as the agent drove off. "Fancy sich as 'e earnin' a good livin'! Lord," he concluded, turning to me, "seems now I'm in me nineties there ain't nothin' but fools in th' parish. 'Cept rogues," he added, as an afterthought, glancing to where my hedge screened the garden.



"THE UMBRELLA AND THE WALKING-STICK": A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.

## A MOTOR-CYCLE TRAGEDY.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

MISS GABRIELLE RAY, PLAYING IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.



MISS GABRIELLE RAY, PLAYING IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.



*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE always looks to Messrs. Macmillan's list as likely to contain some of the best books of the season, and their announcements this year promise very well. We ought to have very good reading in "Fifty Years of Fleet Street . . . the Life of Sir J. R. Robinson." Sir John Robinson delighted in collecting stories, and he could tell them admirably. He made a collection of some among his best, and Mr. F. Moy Thomas is to edit the whole and supply connecting links. Sir John Robinson's literary executor was his friend Mr. J. C. Parkinson, once well known in journalism and still warmly interested in literature. Another book of memoirs and letters will be devoted to the author of "John Inglesant," and the memorials of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, edited by his widow, will be rich in illustrations.

In history, Messrs. Macmillan's most important announcement is Lord Acton's Lectures on the French Revolution and on General Modern History. Lord Acton's Letters to Miss Gladstone were a trifle disappointing, but the lectures are spoken of with the utmost admiration by those who know.

In fiction, the chief item is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new collection of stories, "Traffic and Discoveries." Not much behind comes Mr. F. M. Crawford, who has a wonderfully strong hold of a large public. There are also new books by Mr. Wells, "Ouida," Rosa Nouchette Carey, Cutcliffe Hyne, and Rolf Boldrewood.

In criticism we are to have "Shakesperian Tragedy: Lectures by Professor Bradley." Professor Bradley was a most successful lecturer on English Literature in Glasgow, but his only publication that I know is an Introduction to Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which is, to say the least, far the best book of its kind. Mr. Dobson's elaborate edition of Fanny Burney's Diary may also be expected, and Canon Ainger's Lectures and Essays. That very clever American critic, Professor Barrett Wendell, has written on "The Temper of English Literature in the Seventeenth Century." Some additions are to be made to the "English Men of Letters" Series, the most important announcement among these being Professor Raleigh's Shakspere.

One of Mr. Fisher Unwin's new novels is "The Flute of Pan," by John Oliver Hobbes. The veteran G. J. Holyoake has added another volume to his Reminiscences. The house of Unwin is, in a manner, identified with Free Trade, and we are to have from it "The Hungry Forties: Life under the Bread Tax; Letters and other Testimonies of Contemporary Witnesses," with an introduction by Mrs. Cobden Unwin. Captain Lewis Butler has written a Survey of Wellington's operations in the Peninsula.

The full and scholarly Surveys of Continental Literature which appear in the *Athenaeum* suggest various reflections. For one thing, the popularity of Maurice Maeterlinck on the Continent is evidently growing. Belgians have been apt to scorn or neglect their own authors, but Maeterlinck's books are in all hands from the moment of their appearance. In Holland he is eagerly studied, and the Dutch critic, G. Hulsman, elaborately compares him with Shakspere. A Russian writer, V. Sadlin, has undertaken a complete translation of M. Maeterlinck's works.

Another reflection is that very few of the novels of the Continent are as yet known in England, and that nearly all of them deal with sexual questions. In Denmark, Miss Ingeborg Maria Sick has written a novel, "Sacred Wedlock," which attacks the present marriage system and defends separation in the case of unions not founded on Nature's law of true love. Of France it is needless to speak. In Germany, alike with dramatists and novelists, there is apparently but one theme. Thus Keyserling, one of the most successful of the younger German novelists, deals in his new book with the marriage problem. A Count forsakes his quiet, fair-haired wife for a woman of ardent, impulsive temperament. He finally grows weary, longs for rest, and returns again to his wife's arms. The Dutch novelist, Van Hulzen, has begun a series in which he is going to depict the lives of the outcasts of society. In Italy, Gorki finds imitators. In Poland, Reymont's novel, "The Peasants," has for its theme the passionate love between a young, unmarried man and the second wife of his father, the father being still alive. So with almost monotonous uniformity the story runs. I should not be in the least surprised to see a great revival of this kind of fiction in England. The influences that led such a novelist as Mr. Anthony Hope to produce such a book as "Double Harness" may change the fashion of fiction for ten years. I hope not, however.

Mr. A. M. S. Methuen, the head and maker of the London publishing house which bears his name, has been giving the *Book Monthly* an account of his fifteen years as a London publisher. Mr. Methuen thinks that publishing is the most difficult business in the world, and that with competition it is growing more difficult. He regards judgment as the supreme qualification. "When you see success or failure you may be sure that judgment or the want of it is there. That is why so many plausible and apparently clever men fail, and why men who have not half their external brightness come to be triumphant." Mr. Methuen will command the assent of those who know when he says that the successful publisher of the future will be

creative. In old days authors came to publishers suppliantly, now the publisher is the suppliant. The publisher should originate ideas, find subjects, and commission writers. Mr. Methuen estimates that out of five books published only two pay, the third probably meets its expenses, while on the fourth and fifth there are losses—a small loss and a considerable loss. The chance of a publisher depends on whether his profits on the first two exceed his losses on the last two, for the middle one does not count.

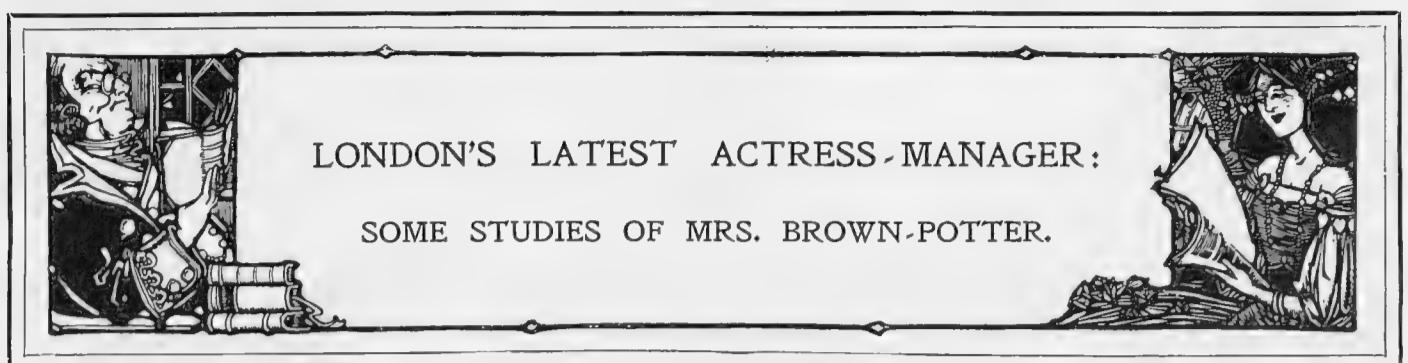
All this is not very optimistic, but Messrs. Methuen announce a strong list of new books for the autumn. To me the most attractive item is Mr. Lucas's edition of Lamb's Letters. Important historical works are "England Under the Stuarts," by G. M. Trevelyan, and "Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary," by P. Hume Brown. Among the novels are books by Bernard Capes, E. M. Albanesi, J. H. McCarthy, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Charles Marriott, Hilaire Belloc, and W. E. Norris. Messrs. Methuen are among the most active reprinters of the time, and in their "Universal Library" they announce the works of Shakspere, Fielding, and Ben Jonson. To issue Ben Jonson's works in sixpenny volumes is indeed brave, and I hope the public will show themselves worthy of the enterprise.

o. o.



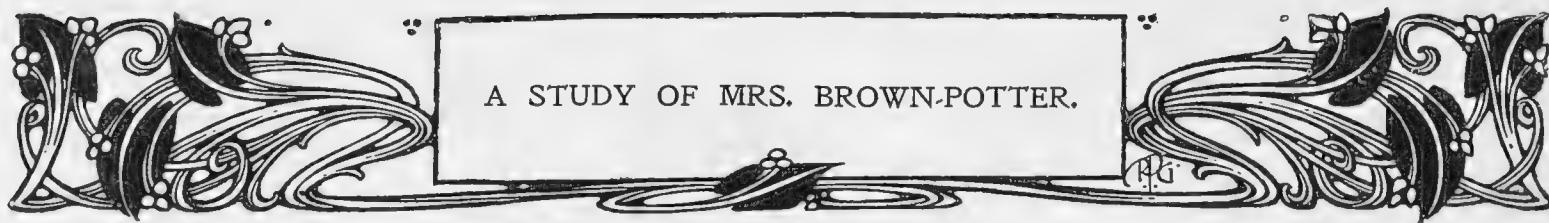
STOKE POGIS CHURCH, WHERE THE POET GRAY IS BURIED. IT WAS THIS CHURCHYARD THAT INSPIRED THE FAMOUS ELEGY.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



AS CALYPSO IN "ULYSSES."

*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



IN HER GARDEN AT MAIDENHEAD.

*Photographed for "The Sketch."*

## A STUDY OF MRS. BROWN-POTTER.



IN "THE GHETTO," AT THE COMEDY.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.*

## SOME STUDIES OF MRS. BROWN-POTTER.



IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.

*Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*



IN HER MOTOR-CAR.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

## FOUR NEW NOVELS.

"A LADDER OF SWORDS."  
By GILBERT PARKER.  
*H. F. & G. F. G. 6s.*

Sir Gilbert Parker's new book is officially described as "a tale of love, laughter, and tears." Certainly it is full of incident, plot, counter-plot, and intrigue at the Court of Elizabeth. The love is that of Michel de la Forêt for Angèle Aubert. They are both Huguenots, and Angèle takes refuge in Jersey, where, some years after, Michel joins her, being actually saved from shipwreck



SIR GILBERT PARKER, AUTHOR OF  
"A LADDER OF SWORDS."

Photograph by Helen McCaul, Victoria Street.

as Michel has escaped from France in the disguise of a priest, he must maintain that character or else be given up to the Medici. So he preaches, this gallant soldier, before the Court on Trinity Sunday, and all in good time he is allowed to marry Angèle and they return to Jersey, where Sir Gilbert Parker rather cruelly kills them off with the Plague, as well as their child. The book has for frontispiece an excellent reproduction of Zuccheri's crayon-drawing of Queen Elizabeth, done in 1575.

"TOMMY AND CO."  
By JEROME K. JEROME.  
*Hutchinson 6s.*

"Tommy and Co." is but half described as "a new humorous novel." Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has sought to wed the coincidences and extravagances of farce to the manner of domestic-comedy, and the outcome is a curious hybrid—as a whole, not aggressive enough to be really funny, not biting enough to be genuinely witty. He is at considerable pains to invent incongruities, and then, forgetting that they are something more than abnormal, takes them seriously. It is this tendency to seriousness, to a disregard of the wholly humourous in favour of the partially pathetic, that proves his stumbling-block, and oft forbids the materialisation of a laugh. When he allows himself full play he is exceedingly amusing. Nothing could be better than his chapter on Joey Loveredge, whose hankering after the club-mates deemed too Bohemian by his aristocracy-craving wife leads to a deception akin to that practised on Gilead P. Beck, or his treatment of "The Babe's" masquerade as a lady-cavasser. Much of his characterisation is also admirable. On the other hand, his first chapter, in particular, is so "wild" in matter that his evident desire to render it possible robs it of its value. To ask that a girl who, at the age of twelve, does not know her sex, and who contrives to interview an inaccessible Prince by dropping from a signal-post on to the top of the railway-carriage in which he is travelling, "a very grimy little person, wiping blood off its face and hands with a dingy handkerchief," shall be accepted as a reality is to expect too much. As a figure in farce, Tommy, at this stage of her existence, would be well enough; in comedy she is merely farcical.

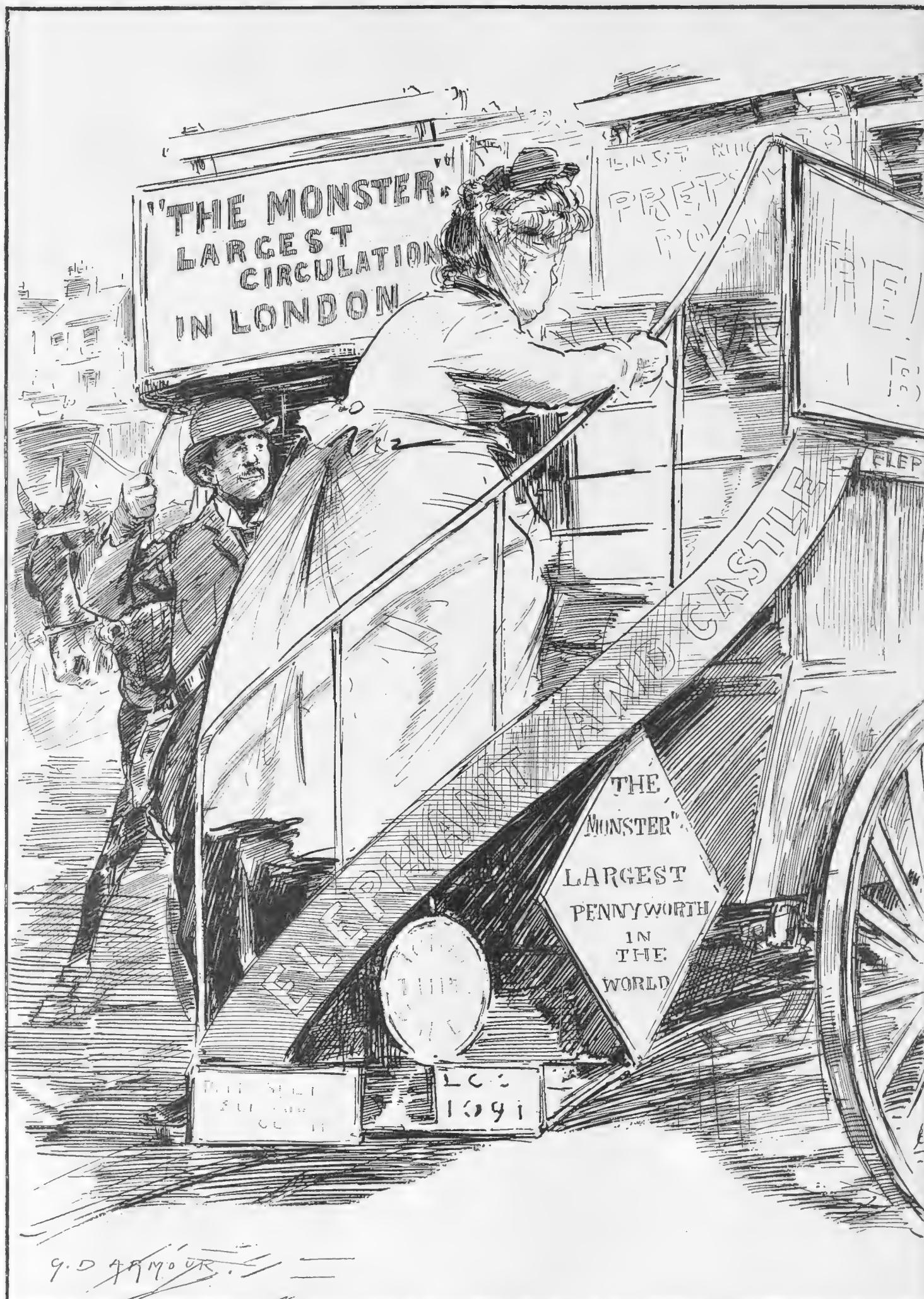
"DOUBLE HARNESS."  
By ANTHONY HOPE.  
*Hutchinson. 6s.*

Mr. Anthony Hope has emerged from a long period of hard and dry workmanship and has recovered that fine humanity of touch which distinguished even his extravaganzas. We have known him as the romanticist, cunningly persuading us to credit the thing that is not (for "Zenda" and all its kindred are tremendous though charming impossibilities); we have known him as the deft setter-down of Society patter, cleverer than Society can ever achieve; we have trudged with him through the arid flats of "Quisante" and its two immediate successors, believing that fairer regions lay beyond, and the faith is now justified in "Double Harness." But, Heavens! What an imbroglio! What an imbroglio of imbroglios! It required courage to seize three unhappy couples and a dull one and anatomise their melancholy. It required art to accomplish the task without creating disgust and dreariness before many chapters had been written, but Mr. Hope may rest assured that, despite the misery he portrays, he holds his readers' sympathies to the end. The estrangement of Grantley Imason and his young wife in the first year of their marriage presents new problems, and the reason of their unhappiness required some daring to set forth. Sibylla had been imprudent at a critical moment, and for a time it was a question of her life or that of one unborn. Her wish was to sacrifice herself; her husband refused, preferring her to the babe. Hence a battle-royal and estrangement. Even when the country practitioner was proved to have been too apprehensive and after all went off well, not even the infant reconciled the parents, Sibylla sought love elsewhere, and was saved from giving herself to a contemptible puppy of a sentimental only by her husband's consummate, if too grim, manliness. He overtakes the runaways, and swears, unless Sibylla returns to him, to slay the babe and then himself. They know he will do it, and Sibylla is ready to face the situation, but the poltroon Blake is cowed into whining wretchedness by Imason's threat, and Sibylla follows the better man, not to wifely duty at first, but at any rate into the way of hope. The other portraits are drawn with equal fidelity, and the tragedy of the Courtlands and the tragi-comedy of the Fanshawes resolve themselves in accordance with destiny. The minor characters adapt themselves to the picture, and the dialogue is for the most part in the author's most brilliant vein. A slight tendency to force the dramatic situations is the only fault of this masterly novel.

"THE EXTRAORDINARY  
CONFESSIONS  
OF DIANA PLEASE."  
By BERNARD CAPES  
*Methuen. 6s.*

Mr. Capes humbly calls himself a transcriber from the original French notes of this autobiography of an adventuress, for such reminiscences must presumably bear the cachet of a French origin in order to impart that subtle aroma of impropriety inseparable from memoirs of this kind. In any case, the author has shown no fear of handling his subject boldly, and Madame Se Plaire's character, in its absolute, ruthless egoism, is consistently worked out. The author in his preface dubs her a "passionist," and to effect her object she is never deterred by a single consideration, whether it entails the sacrifice of human life or human affection. Such a nature as hers had ample scope for its abilities and crimes during the reign of George III., but her various vicissitudes are, of course, too numerous to chronicle in a brief review. Almost our last glimpse of Diana shows her a prey to the desire of a fiendish revenge on Pissani, a man who has dared to prefer another to her. In endeavouring to achieve Pissani's ruin she is brought into contact with the King of Naples while the revolution is in progress. The interview during a thunder-storm between Diana and the King is extraordinarily humourous. He is half-demented, and, while running up and down the room in a kind of tripping dance, rings at times a little gilt bell which he carries in his hand. "At every thunder-clap His Majesty whinnied and crossed himself. 'Oh! Lord, spare Thine anointed. Beloved Saints, be particular to point out where I am! (Rings.) This, you must know, is not my usual cabinet, but I will withdraw to my own if you desire it, though it is in the hands of the decorators'"; and so on in a less seemly if highly amusing manner. The greatest mistake lies in the fact that the author has introduced into such an absolute piece of materialism as the life of Diana Please an element of the fantastic. The magic stone which the Gypsy gives her in her childhood procures Diana escape from nearly every difficulty. There certainly exists a type of woman who, in spite of utter unscrupulousness, possesses an irresistible attraction for men and women alike which makes her all-powerful. Diana would have been more of a reality to the reader had the author refrained from using the makeshift of witchcraft to render her invincible. Excellent as the original idea of the book may be, it is marred by a florid style and a tendency towards the ultra-sensational.

## THE HUMOURIST IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.



CONDUCTOR: This way fer the "Helephant (*pause*) and Cawstle."

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

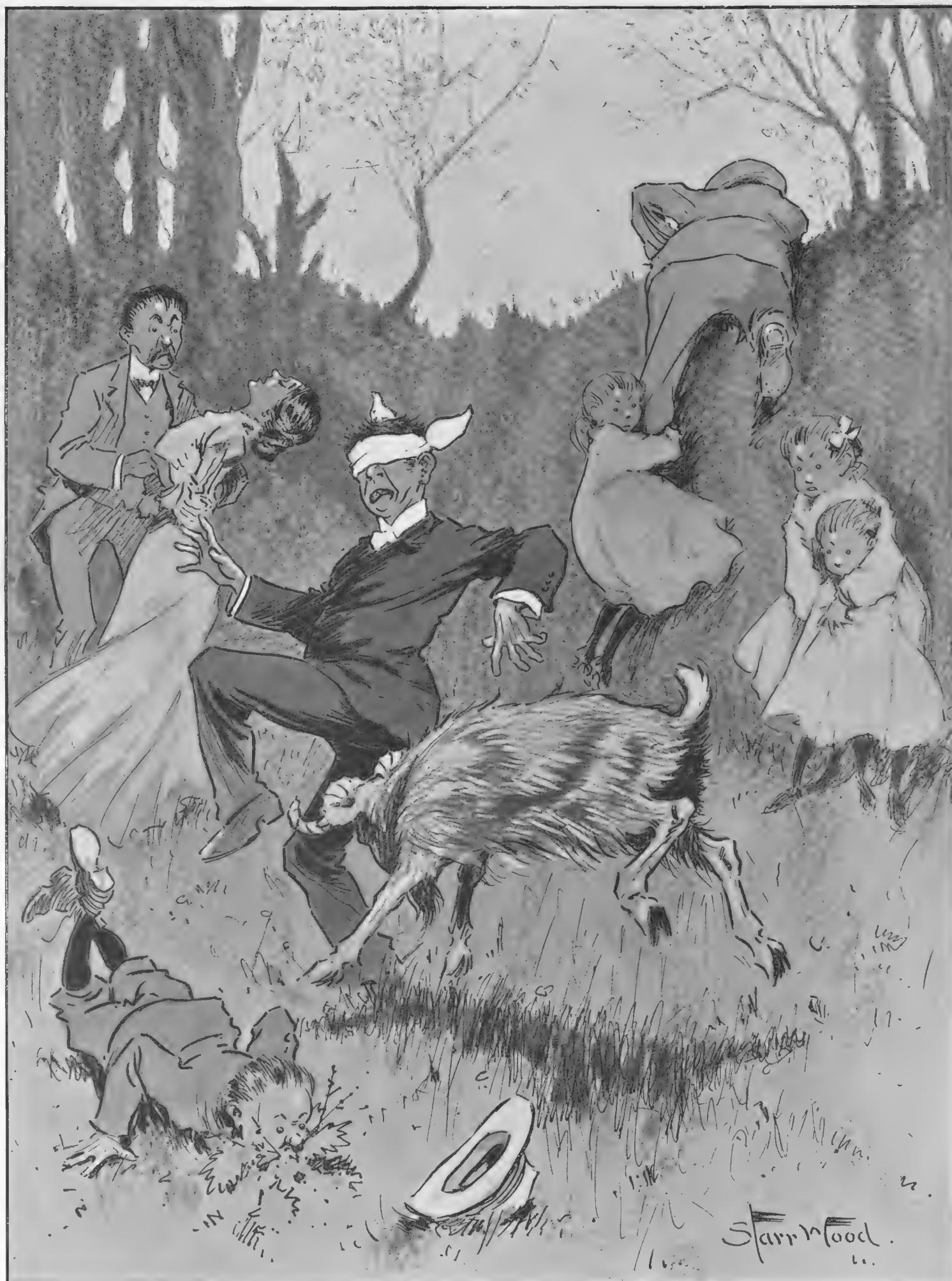
## THE HUMOURIST IN THE COUNTRY GARDEN.



VISITOR (to his former Gardener): Well, Waters, how d'you like your new place?

WATERS: Well, Sir, there's on'y two disadvantages—one's the Missus and t'other's the pump.

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF"—AS OBSERVED BY STARR WOOD.



THE BLIND MAN: I say, I shan't play if you fellows are so rough!

A NOVEL  
IN  
A NUTSHELL.



THE WEE KIRKER'S  
ROMANCE.

By JOHN WORNE.

[The Author, while admitting that he wrote the following, declines to accept any responsibility for the dialect, "terms of art," events, names, or places therein contained or mentioned.]

IT was no within a mile of Edinboro' Toon. The Manse was braw an' bonny, the Meenister was a braw mon and a guid, forbye, and a bonnie lass was Janie, the Meenister's ainly dochter.

[I think that it will be better, on the whole, to write the explanatory and narrative parts in English, which will be less exhausting and more easily understood, though not quite so vivid. I begin again.]

It was not within a mile of Edinburgh Town. The Manse was a fine, handsome house; the Minister was a handsome and good man (I have no notion what "forbye" means—it was put in to make things more lifelike), and Janie, the Minister's only daughter, was a girl of very considerable personal attractions.

The Minister, as he looked around him, contemplated the reward of goodness with some satisfaction and pride. A pleasant house, a comfortable income, a parish providing abundant opportunities for useful work, a helpful and loving child—what more could a man desire, unless he were unduly worldly?—and, to crown all, complete success in a long and important piece of litigation was already in sight.

The lawn in front of his study-window was smooth and pleasant to the eye, and just out of sight, though not of mind, was the kailyard in which stood the famous School (whose repute had reached even to London itself), surrounded by a crop of kails which gave promise of a prosperous harvest. And, as he gazed, his thoughts turned to other things and he muttered to himself, "Gin we're no gaun' to settle sich deeficulties by a vote o' the majority, hoo are we gaun' to settle them?"

The reasoning appeared to satisfy him, for a smile came over his face.

"An' there'll be nac mair blethers wi' yon pig-headed sackets wha hae the audacity to ca' theirsels the true Free Kirk!"

He listened for a moment to footsteps outside and heard the front-door bell ring. He waited a few minutes, but nobody was shown in. The visitor, whoever it was, was taken to the parlour.

He waited a little longer for the summons to himself, but it did not come. At last, growing impatient, he rang. Margaret appeared.

"Was it you wad be ringin' the bell, sir?"

"Aye. An' wha's the vesusitor, this time o' day?"

"It's just the Rev. Mr. Macdougall, sir."

The Minister sprang to his feet.

"What's that ye say? Ye've let Tammas Macdougall into the hoose?"

"Aye, sir; ye wadna hae him standin' ootside."

The Minister calmed down a little.

"Weel, weel, we maun be Christian in our hour o' triumph. Mebbe he's come to admit that he was wrang aboot him an' his bit o' a flock bein' the true Free Kirk. Ye maun tell the Rev. Mr. Macdougall I'll be glad to hear what he has to say the noo."

"He was no speirin' to see you, sir."

"Was he no? An' wha wad he be wantin' to see, forbye?"

"He was wantin' to see Miss Janie, sir."

"Hoots! An' whit way wad he be wantin' to see Miss Janie, wumman?"

"Deed, sir, an' I hae na a wee bit notion."

But she let it be clearly seen that she had.

"Oot o' the way, wumman! Tammas Macdougall speirin' after my dochter! Whaur's the scoundrel?"

He rushed across the hall and flung open the door of the best parlour. The Rev. Thomas Macdougall justified his worst suspicions by being engaged in the act of holding Janie's hand and gazing into her eyes.

Janie was just saying, "Deed, yes, Tammas, but I dinna ken what Pa'll be sayin' to it."

The Minister stood for a moment speechless. Thomas was a brave lad, but he quailed at the sight.

The Minister found his voice; when found, it was hard and sarcastic.

"Weel, my friend, an' wha gave ye leave to haud my dochter's hand? Drap it, noo; drap it!"

"I'll no drap it," Thomas replied, sturdily. "Gin Janie lo'es me weel, I'll haud it till she bids me drap it herself."

"Oho! Hoots!" said the Minister. "Ye'll no drap it?"

"Na, I'll no drap it."

"So ye'll no drap it?"

"Na, I'll no drap it."

"Vera weel, my mon; vera weel. Gin ye'll no drap it, leave the hoose this moment."

Janie, timid creature, was in tears.

"Tammie, dear, I'm thinkin' ye'd better drap it for the present."

"Dinna say that, Janie; dinna say that."

"Ye maun tak' it up again when ye've explained to Pa."

On these terms, Thomas reluctantly dropped her hand and turned with proper humility to the wrathful father.

"Gin ye'll gi'e me a hearin', Meenister, I'll be tellin' ye what I'm for daein' wi' your dochter."

"Can I no see it wi' my ain een?" the Minister burst out. "Wad ye be tellin' me that ye're for gettin' mairit?"

"I was just entertainin' a wee bit hope that ye wad gie us your—"

"My blessing? Oo, aye; ye wad like it, I hae na doot. An' ye hae a wee bit hope ye may get it. An' wha's been putting it into your heid to hae the impudence—?"

"Na, na, Meenister; dinna fash yersel' overmuch."

"Wha's fashin' theirsels?"

"Syne ye've gaen ower to the 'U.P.'s,' ye dinna need—"

"Wha's gaen ower to the 'U.P.'s'?"

"Na, na," cried Janie, piteously, knowing that once they joined battle again on this subject all chance of reconciliation was gone for ever.

She caught Thomas by the arm. "Dinna be speakin' aboot the 'U.P.'s' an' the Free Kirk!"

The Minister paid no attention.

"Wha's gaen ower to the 'U.P.'s'?" he asked, ferociously. "I wad hae ye understand, my friend, that the 'U.P.'s' hae come ower to us."

"Na, na," said Thomas, "ye maun tell that to the 'U.P.'s.' Ye'll hear a wurr that'll surprise ye."

"The 'U.P.'s,'" said the Minister, banging his fist on the table, "hae come ower to the Free Kirk."

"Wha's the Free Kirk?" said Thomas. For a humble suitor he was most unwisely combative.

"The Free Kirk is the majority o' the Free Kirk, an' let that be the last wurr."

"Aye, Meenister, but ye've no heard the last o' the minority."

"Ilka mon of the twenty-fower o' ye maun be a Kirk a' to himself; ye'll no be gettin' my dochter."

Thomas remembered his position and tried argument.

"Weel, Meenister, I'll no be quarrelling aboot it any mair—"

"It dinna tak' a wise man to stop quarrellin' when he's beat," said the Minister, who was not anxious to give up his position of vantage.

"Ah, weel, we'll let bygones be bygones, Meenister. Wull ye no be reasonable?"

"Reasonable?" echoed the Minister. "An' wha's wishin' me to be reasonable? Hae ye no focht me tooth an' nail, forbye, at ilka step? Hae ye no ca'ed me names i' yere ain pulpit? I'm a Christian mon, Tammas Macdougall, and I winna be puffed up wi' the pride o' victory, but ye'll no be expectin' me to gie my dochter to the mon who ca'ed me an Episcopalian."

"Na, I hae na gaen sae far as that."

"Oo, aye, ye may be wishfu' to forget it the noo, but I hae my witnesses. Ye may hae been oot o' yer mind wi' evil passions, but ye said it."

"Ye're a hard mon, Meenister."

"Hard or soft, ye'll no be gettin' my dochter. A beggarly Wee Kirker, wi' fifty pun' a year by the mercy o' the majority! Hoo wad ye be proposin' to keep my dochter, eh?"

"A man's a man for a' that," said Thomas. It was all he could think of for the moment.

"Havers!" said the Minister, working himself into a passion. "Get oot o' my hoose, an' dinna show your face again!"

"Pa!" said Janie, in despair.

"I'll no hearken to a syllup mair. Oot ye gang!"

"Pa! I love Tammas."

"Hoots! Nonsense! Tod, it's maist mighty gin a man canna choose his ain veesitors. Oot ye gang, and let that be the last wurr!"

Thomas turned and kissed Janie. The Minister seized her by the arm and dragged her from him. "Did a body ever see the likes o' the impudence? Gin ye bide another second—"

Thomas looked at him proudly.

"I'm gaen. But I'll be comin' back. Ye're a hard mon, Meenister, an' ye'll be sorry for it."

And, without another word, he left.

The Minister was at his breakfast next morning. Janie sat opposite to him. She had not spoken, and, by the look of her eyes, she had wept all night. A hurried step was heard coming up the gravel-path and a violent ring at the door.

"Wha's that?" said the Minister, startled.

"I dinna ken," said Janie, wearily.

Margaret entered.

"The Rev. Mr. Tammas Macdougall, o' the Free Kirk, is wishfu' to see ye, sir."

"The Reverend—" The Minister checked his feelings in the presence of the servant lassie. "The Rev. Mr. Macdougall is no o' the Free Kirk, wumman."

"He towd me to say 'o' the Free Kirk, sir."

"He towd ye to say 'o' the Free Kirk, did he? Then ye maun gie my compliments to the Rev. Mr. Macdougall and tell him Irae me—"

At this moment, Mr. Macdougall, without waiting for further announcement, pushed past Margaret into the room.

"Top o' the morn to ye," he said, cheerily. "Hopin' ye baith slept weel the nicht," and he went up to Janie and kissed her, much to the astonishment of everybody.

The Minister spluttered and rose from his chair. "Leave the room," he said to Margaret, who was standing open-mouthed in the doorway.

Then he turned upon the intruder.

"I'm ower fu' o' years, Tammas Macdougall, to be usin' violence, but when a scoundrel forces his way into my hoose an' insults my dochter—"

"Are ye insulted, Janie?" said Thomas.

"Na," said Janie. "But ye ken ye hae no richt to dae sic a thing, Tammas."

"Na richt!" bawled the Minister. "Na richt! I'm thinking that—"

"Can a man no enter his ain hoose?" asked Thomas.

"His ain hoose!" gasped the Minister. "An' wha's the owner o' this hoose, then?"

"Ye hae na heard the news?" said Thomas. "I brocht ye the newspaper."

He produced one from his pocket.

"Gin ye hae na heard the news ye maun just read this."

The Minister looked puzzled, took the paper, and fumbled for his spectacles. When he had got them on he spread the paper out.

"Ye'll find it interestin' reading," said Thomas, quietly, "an' ye'll thank Heaven, I'm thinkin', that we hae a Hoose o' Lairds."

The Minister read the flaring head-lines and blinked.

"Amazin' Judgment of the House o' Lairds," he muttered. "Deceesion of the Scottish Courts Revaised. Wee Kirkers the true Free Kirk." He put the paper down, took off his spectacles and cleaned them, put them on again and began once more. A look of blank consternation came over his face.

"Eh, mon," said Thomas; "it's the bulwark o' oor Constitution, the Hoose o' Lairds."

The Minister read on, blinking more and more.

"Gin ye'll just read this pairt," said Thomas. "The Laird Chancellor's gran' on Predestination, mon; he's gran'! I hae been saying the same thing ilka day this twelve months."

The Minister paused and looked up aghast. He collapsed into his chair.

"Hae ye read the soond remarks on the deeficult question o' trust deeds?" said Thomas. "I wadna hae suspected sich a hantle o' wisdom oot o' the mouth o' an Englishman. Tod, it's wunnerfu'!"

The Minister set his spectacles and tried to apply himself to the paper again.

"What is 't?" asked Janie, anxiously. "What is 't?"

"'Tis the Hoose o' Lairds," said Thomas, "hæ been sayin' what I hæ been tellin' ye. We are the Free Kirk!"

"Just the twenty-fower o' ye?"

"Just the twenty-fower o' us. Let's hae a look!" He took the paper from the Minister's unresisting hands.

"Oo, aye, just the twenty-fower o' us; an' we hae all the siller and all the property—ower ten million pun'. Mon, it's gran'!"

The Minister managed to speak.

"It's a lee!" he said, fiercely.

"It's doon i' the newspaper."

"It's a lee!" repeated the Minister.

Janie had been making a rapid calculation. "Then ye hae nigh half a meellion pun', Tammas, all to yersel!"

"Aye, an' I'll tak' this hoose to my share."

"We'll hae Home Rule!" said the Minister, who had returned to the paper. "We'll hae Home Rule! Wha's the Hoose o' Lairds? Whit way do they ken wha's the Free Kirk?"

"They ken it richt weel," said Thomas. "Ilka mon o' them is a Solomon, an' I'm thinkin' Daniel cudna haud a candle to the Laird Chancellor!"

The Minister wiped his brow feverishly. "But, mon, it's no possible! What wad ye dae with it a? Ye canna be the Free Kirk."

"Can we no? I'm a Christian mon, Meenister, an' I wull no be puffed up wi' the pride o' victory. I'm thinkin' we can put ye a' i' jail for misappropriatin' trust moneys. I'm no sae sure o' the law, but I'm thinkin' it."

"Na, na," said the Minister, trembling; "ye wadna dae that, Tammas; ye wadna dae that!"

"Mayhap it wadna be genteel to hae the father o' my wife i' jail; but I'm no sae sure o' what the ither twenty-three may be wishfu' to dae."

"But ye'll speak to them, Tammas; ye'll speak to them. Ye're no a hard man, Tammas."

"Na, Tammas," said Janie, "ye wadna put him i' jail. He didna ken he was daen' wrang. Ye'll speak to the Hoose o' Lairds for him?"

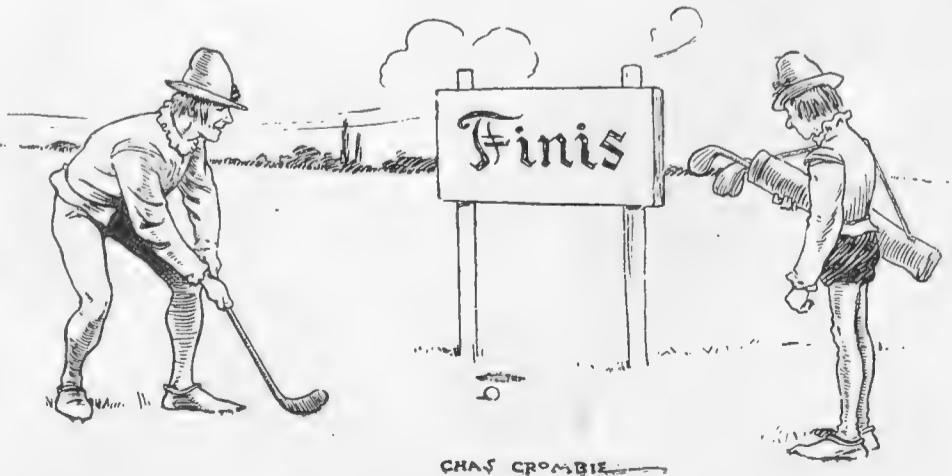
"I hae no doubt the Hoose o' Lairds'll do as I ask them in a sma' matter. I'll no be hard on ye. They're a fine body o' men, and vera, vera mercif' as they are wise."

"An' ye'll no turn him oot o' the Manise?" said Janie.

"Ah, weel, that depends," said Thomas, slowly. "Gin he's no o' the Free Kirk an' no related to a member o' the Free Kirk, I'm no sae sure the Hoose o' Lairds wad be for lettin' him stay in. But gin he's the father-in-law o' a Meenister o' the Free Kirk—"

"Tammas, my boy," said the Minister, with a tear in his eye, as he wrung him warmly by the hand, "Tammas, my boy, ye hae my blessing, an' we'll hae the wedding next week!"

Which shows what possibilities of human interest lie in the pages of the Law Reports.





THE arrangement on the programme of the names of the characters of our plays is a matter on which, more than ever, there is a conspicuous lack of agreement. In the old days the convention was practically to arrange them in the order of their social importance or precedence, when there was any indication of rank, the exception being that the part played by the "star" came at the head of the bill. Several theatres are, however, following the American fashion of printing the names in the order in which the characters appear in the play. This may be an admirable arrangement for America, where there are comparatively few stationary Companies, for even New York, the "Empire City," as it proudly calls itself, is to a large extent given over to travelling Companies which play a longer or shorter season at the different houses. The result is that, except in the case of the "stars" whose portraits adorn the hoardings, the public is but slightly acquainted with the identity of the actors, and the arrangement of the names facilitates the identification of the characters. In London, however, it would seem to be unnecessary.

A vivid demonstration of the super-abundance of people connected with the theatrical profession has been furnished by the fact that for a total of seven comparatively unimportant parts in "The Golden Light," which Mrs. Brown-Potter will probably produce on the 22nd inst., she received over five hundred applications. Among the Company engaged by Mrs. Brown-Potter are Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. W. L. Abingdon, and Miss Mabel Beardsley.

Mr. James Bernard Fagan, the author of "The Prayer of the Sword," which is to be produced at the Adelphi on Monday, was educated at Clongowis Wood, the great Jesuit College in Ireland, and at

Trinity College, Oxford. After leaving the University, he went on the stage, joining Mr. F. R. Benson, with whom he remained for about two years and a half, playing character and juvenile parts. Then followed a two years' engagement with Mr. Tree, with whom he played in five or six productions at His Majesty's. His first play to be produced was "The Rebels," a melodrama dealing with the Irish Rebellion of 1798. First given by Mrs. Waller at Camberwell, it was bought by Mr. Frohman and ran for eight months in America. After the production of this piece, Mr. Fagan left the stage to devote himself to play-writing.

Delightfully varied is the programme arranged for the Court, which, it has now been definitely decided, will be opened in its reconstructed state on Oct. 18. The first play will be an English version of the

"Hippolytus" of Euripides, translated by Dr. Gilbert Murray, which made so great an impression earlier in the year. It will be followed by a production of Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette," which will, in turn, be succeeded by "Candida"—acted by the same clever Company as that which made so remarkable a success in it three or four months ago. Mr. George Bernard Shaw's new play on the Irish question, called "John Bull's Other Island," will also be staged, like the other works, for a series of matinées, which will keep the theatre fully occupied until Christmas.

"George Daring," to use the name which Madame Raoul Duval has elected to adopt for stage purposes, is, like Mrs. Brown-Potter, who is producing her play, by birth an American and a Southerner. She comes from Louisiana, also Mrs. Brown-Potter's native State, and has all the vivacity of the American, with the bright eyes, the white teeth, the beautiful smile, and the *chic* which by reason of the foreign strain in their blood are characteristics of Americans of certain of the Southern States, notably Louisiana. "The Golden Light" is her first work to be produced, but there are several other plays already planned which it is hoped will in due course be written.

Although to the modern playgoer Mr. John Billington was little more than a name, the geniality of his disposition, apart altogether from the fact that in his prime he was one of the recognised leading actors in London, gave him a prominent place in the regard of his professional comrades, and many have been the expressions of regret at his death, even though it came when he was full of years, for he was over seventy-six. He had long been out of harness, but it is barely a year since he took a regular

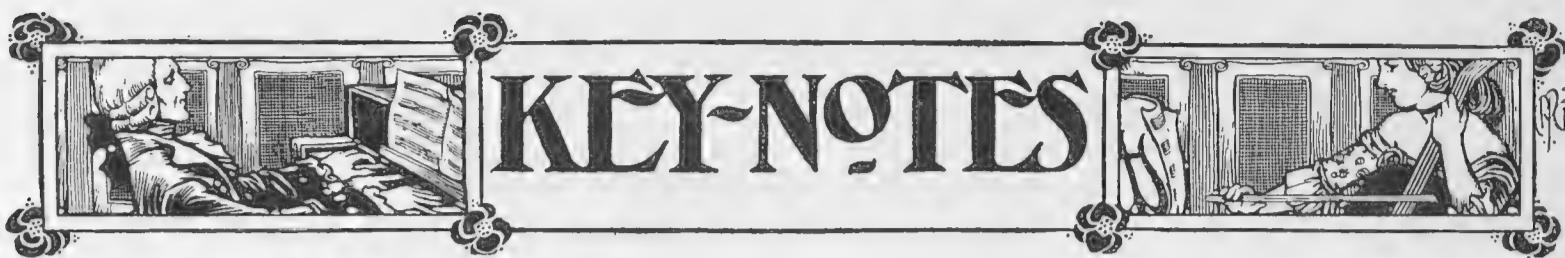
farewell of the stage, on which in his time he not only played many parts, but many parts of the first importance.

Lady Duff-Gordon, the wife of Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, has several claims to fame. She is a sister of Mrs. Clayton-Glyn of "Elizabethan" fame, and she is, perhaps, the most successful of the many brilliant amateurs who have of late years elected to go into trade. As "Madame Lucille," Lady Duff-Gordon carries on a very smart dress-making business, and she has designed the dresses for Mrs. Brown-Potter's forthcoming play, and also for "The Catch of the Season," at the Vaudeville. "Madame Lucille" has inaugurated the notion of psychological costumes, and it is said that every frock, among the many which are shortly to be seen brightening the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre, will express some definite emotion or feeling.



LADY DUFF-GORDON ("MADAME LUCILLE"), WHO HAS DESIGNED THE DRESSES FOR MRS. BROWN-POTTER'S NEW PLAY AT THE SAVOY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THE Gloucester Musical Festival passed off last week, and, so one understands, has brought in a larger purse to the charitable fund than on the occasion of any previous year. There is one thing definite about it also, and that is that never in my recollection have the concerts been so long; it may even be added, superfluously long. There was quite a certain amount of work included in the programmes which neither on its merit nor on its peculiar sacredness need have been presented to the public. Worse than all, one work was actually inserted by miscalculation of time, and one of the novelties had also been regarded as likely to occupy a far less time than it did. It may well be imagined therefore that, as the last day with its performance of "Messiah" came round, even the most enthusiastic critic felt that he had heard what may mildly be called a plethora of music.

After the usual Sunday service, about which it is not usual to be particularly critical, although a new "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimitis in G" by Mr. Ivor Atkins—a very agreeable work indeed—were given, we came to the natural beginning of the programme by a performance of "Elijah," it, of course, being preceded by the National Anthem, the present arrangement used being that of Sir Edward Elgar, an arrangement which is not altogether interesting or definitely individual. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies took the Prophet's part with his usual solemnity, earnestness, and determined dignity, and sang for the most part extremely well. Madame Sobrino and Miss Muriel Foster were in most excellent voice, while Mr. John Coates, looking less like an

Obadiah than could possibly be conceived, took the part of tenor throughout the work. He was extremely good, especially in the solo "If with all your hearts." Madame Albani sang in the second part, and threw into her music the old enthusiasm which never seems to grow less.

On the Tuesday evening, Sir Edward Elgar's Prelude and "Angel's Farewell" from "The Dream of Gerontius," conducted by the composer, was, as one may have expected in so fine a cathedral, brilliantly given, although I own that, to me, the imitation of orchestrating "The Angel's Farewell," which concludes the Oratorio in connection with the Prelude, smacks a little too much of Wagner's previous treatment of his own "Tristan." "A Festival Hymn," the words by Jeremy Taylor, the music of which, by Mr. C. Lee Williams, is dignified, but is also rather old-fashioned and savours too much of the solemn ecclesiastical chant, in connection with the gorgeous riotousness of the poem itself, was part of this programme, which included Stanford's "Te Deum."

The complaint that has already been made concerning the length of the concerts was exemplified particularly on the morning of the Wednesday. It included Wagner's Prelude to "Parsifal"; "A Rhapsody" for Chorus and Orchestra, by Granville Bantock; a Concerto in F Minor, by Dr. C. H. Lloyd; Sir Hubert Parry's new Oratorio, "The Love that Casteth Out Fear"; and, finally, the whole of Brahms's "Requiem." When it is added that there was a long concert

a little later on at the Shire Hall, one may well imagine that people were beginning to blame the want of tact which had crowded so much into a single day's performances. The same policy was also pursued on the Thursday. For Thursday morning we had, first, Sir Edward Elgar's now famous Oratorio, "The Apostles"—that is to say, the whole of the work as it has so far been published—with a slight interval. At the end of this extremely complex (I mean, of course, to the listener) composition, actually a Beethoven Symphony was given under the admirable conductorship of Mr. Brewer. Why for any earthly reason the Symphony was included it is impossible to tell; some have said, by way of merry jest, that it was desired to prove definitely that Elgar's "Apostles" is not so good as Beethoven's Symphony; but, in any case, it was lamentable that the two composers should thus have been compared, seeing that Elgar is absolutely modern in all his feeling and spirit, and that Beethoven was absolutely modern—in his own time. In any case, even an unconscious comparison was without the slightest profit to anybody.

But in this amazing Thursday list we have still more to come. In the evening—and it may well be understood that the interval was only comparatively a slight one—we had to listen to an entirely new composition by Mr. A. Herbert Brewer, that itself being followed by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The whole Festival concluded on Friday morning with Handel's "Messiah."

Another Opera Season is looming ahead of us. Those who are responsible for delighting Londoners with opera evidently are of the opinion that there is no limit to that delight. Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth announce that they have now completed an arrangement for an Italian Opera Season, which shall begin on Oct. 17 and last for six weeks. The whole Company of the San Carlo Opera in Naples, including an orchestra of some seventy instrumentalists and a chorus of seventy voices, will be transported to London, under its own stage-management. Caruso is to be amongst this remarkable Company, and the whole Season will be run on the scale usual at Covent Garden; by this is evidently not meant that the prices will not be as high as those to which audiences are accustomed during the regular Covent Garden Season, for they will range from the shilling gallery to the half-guinea stall.

COMMON CHORD.



A FAVOURITE OF THE MUSICAL STAGE: MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, PLAYING IN "SERGEANT BRUE" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.



*The Hereford Trials—Mishaps—Intending Purchasers—The Motor-Cycle International Cup.*

ALTHOUGH at the moment of writing the Judges of the Small-Car Reliability Trials at Hereford have not made the medal awards, they have, nevertheless, issued a preliminary report which carries sufficient guidance for the purchasing public. However, I would not have my readers entirely led by the result of the non-stop awards, for the reason that one ill-considered rule, with the denial of any sort of latitude to the Judges in interpreting it, has resulted somewhat curiously when the known repute of the cars affected is borne in mind. The twenty minutes' limit for minor repairs and adjustments should not have been rigidly enforced; the Judges might have been allowed to decide upon the merits of each case, whether or no the rule should apply. In future Trials, I am of the opinion that reparations and adjustments which the ordinary, everyday automobilist effects *en route* and, passing on his way, forgets all about,

water-connection, and a broken cylinder-lubrication pipe. The fourth day was remarkable for a broken exhaust-valve flange, a leaky petrol-tank, a leaky water-tank, and another broken petrol-pipe. The progress of the Trials gradually shook out the weaklings, as, on the Friday and the Saturday, the serious failures, or what I am pleased to regard as serious failures, were few and far between. Friday saw one broken petrol-pipe, two broken inlet-valves, and a broken water-pipe, while, save for a broken inlet-valve, Saturday was devoid of incident.

On the above showing, then, I would advise contemplating purchasers who have a fancy for cars other than those reported to have effected a high average of non-stop runs to carefully study the detailed reports of the trials which have appeared in the various motor journals, and see there for themselves whether the car



MR. LEWIS WALLER ON HIS NEW FIFTEEN HORSE-POWER NAPIER CAR. THE LITTLE GIRL BY MR. WALLER'S SIDE IS HIS DAUGHTER, NANCY.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

should not be held to invalidate the success of a car in such Trials as were these at Hereford. For instance, in running through the non-stop awards, one finds that cars have lost non-stop records by the failure of a sparking-plug, the slackening of a nut, or the shaking shut or accidental closing of a petrol-tap.

In reviewing the mishaps, great and small, which robbed cars of non-stop certificates in these Trials, I will particularise the failures I regard as serious as against those which to my mind come within the category of those for which no automobilist worthy of the name cares a rap. On the first day one car stopped owing to a fractured water-pipe for seventy-two minutes, another halted three times to fill up with water in fifty miles' running, another suffered from recurring air-lock in the water-connections, another from a broken petrol-pipe, necessitating a stop of fifty-six minutes, and another petered out by reason of a broken clutch-fork. That is only five serious failures in all which need to be taken into account, for the breakage of water-pipes, petrol-tubes, and a fractured clutch-fork are matters too serious altogether to be passed over. Bad or thoughtless fitting is alone the cause of such failures. On the second day, a broken chain, a seized gear, and a seized circulating-pump were the only failures of moment. The third day witnessed a broken induction-pipe, a broken

they fancy was knocked out by any mishap they would regard as serious from the point of view of their own ability to put things right. Few would fear replacements of sparking-plugs, the freeing of stuck induction-valves, nor would they cavil at the shedding of passengers upon 1 in 6·4 summit-gradients of hills which have already been rising smartly for over a mile.

It cannot be suggested that motor-cycles do not have their capabilities brought prominently before the public. In the competition for the International Cup of the Motor-Cycle Club of France, motor-cycles of all such nationalities as choose to enter them will take part in an event which in the future will prove to be to the motor-cycle what the Gordon-Bennett event is to the big car. Every foreign Automobile Club recognised by the Automobile Club and the Motor-Cycle Club of France is qualified to challenge the Club holding the cup. The machines to compete must not weigh more than a hundred and ten pounds, without fuel, oil, water, accumulators, spare parts, and baggage; but an allowance of six and a-half pounds is made for a motor-cycle fitted with a magneto. The race will be held on the highway over a distance of not less than 155½ miles and not more than 217½ miles, between June 1 and Sept. 1, with the exception of the present year, when the event will take place on the 25th inst.



Pretty Polly's Win—The Cesarewitch—The Cambridgeshire.

THERE was a huge crowd at Doncaster on the St. Leger afternoon, probably because the King was present to see Chatsworth win the Bradgate Park Stakes and Pretty Polly win the St. Leger in the fastest time on record. Indeed, according to the man with the clock, Pretty Polly covered the distance in six seconds less time than

with 9 st. 12 lb., although she would not want for backers if sent to the post. Of course, Wood Pigeon is fastened on to by the street-corner boys as a good thing, but the filly will have to do something big in public before I shall recommend her. Her performance at Doncaster was certainly not reassuring. Hackler's Pride and Delaunay, on the book, have chances; the last-named is said to be a real good three-year-old. She would have to be, by-the-bye, to give the weight away to horses like Barbette, Golden Saint, and Kilseevan. I shall not at this time of day venture on a prediction for the race, except to hint at the chance Fallon's stable has of winning with Hackler's Pride or Golden Saint.

CAPTAIN COE.



MISS MILLICENT ORR-EWING, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

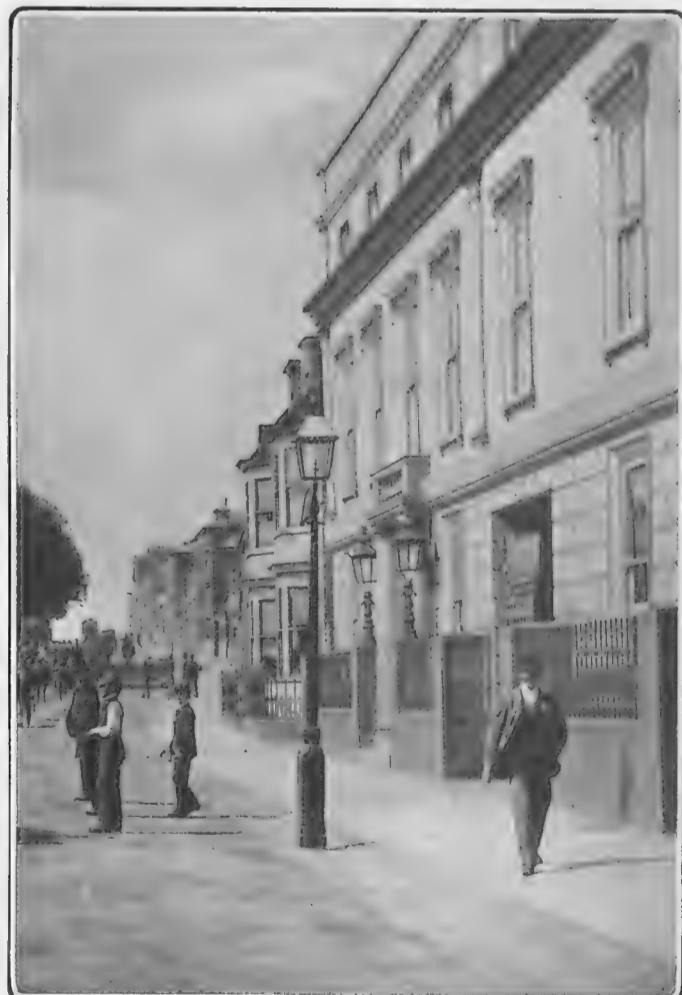
Sceptre, which represents nearly a hundred yards. Unfortunately, St. Amant refused to gallop and finished last; but Henry the First confirmed the Newmarket Guineas running and the son of Melton is useful. The public all fancied Pretty Polly, and she is just now the equine idol, as Sceptre was two seasons back. Major Loder's charming filly has now won £30,000 in stakes, while in the sale-ring she would command quite that sum. In my opinion, she is not a beauty to look at, but she is a good 'un to go, and her stride is something to wonder at. She gallops something like the old steeplechaser, The Midshipman, used to walk. The boy that led him round had to go at a hack-canter.

One of the very best and most exciting long-distance races of the year is undoubtedly the Cesarewitch, which is run over a good course at a clinking pace. I know of no greater excitement than waiting for the horses to come through the Gap after the start, except, perhaps, that engendered by a neck-and-neck race between three or four of the horses from the Bushes to the winning-post. And even when the race is over it is often impossible to know which has won until after the numbers have gone up. I am not going to tell tales out of school, but I heard a jockey tell his master that he had, in his opinion, won by half a length, whereas, as a matter of fact, he was cleverly beaten by the same distance. Races finishing at the Rowley Mile Stand must be well won, and jockeys riding should take nothing on trust. The acceptances for the Cesarewitch, to be run on Oct. 12, are satisfactory in the matter of quality. My first choice, Foundling, stands his ground; so does the great sharps' tip, Wood Pigeon. The latter does not look like a winner, but if the filly is as good as Almscliff she must have a big chance with 6 st. only to carry. Dean Swift is a big City tip, probably because his owner, Mr. J. B. Joel, is popular on 'Change. At present, I lean to the chances of Foundling, Rondeau, and Winkfield's Charm, if the latter is the selected of Mr. Sullivan's stable.

Since the race for the Cambridgeshire has been run across the flat it has certainly been a better speculative medium than formerly. True, the race does not take so much winning as it did on the old course and the winner is often more easily found. Of the hundred and seven entries for this year's race, to be run on Oct. 26, forty-six have paid forfeit, but the acceptors are a good all-round lot and they include some of the best horses in training. Pretty Polly is hardly likely to start

Little Miss Millicent Orr-Ewing should grow up into a fine sportswoman, for her father—one of the many gallant officers who died for Queen and country during the South African War—was a splendid horseman and a first-rate shot. Through her mother, this little girl is a niece of the Duke of Roxburghe and connected with the whole of the great Churchill clan. She is five years old and one of Queen Alexandra's many little friends.

Newmarket is jubilant at the prospect of counting our kindly and genial Sovereign among its citizens. Grafton House was actually purchased by Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke, His Majesty's Equerry, but there seems little doubt that the purchaser was acting on behalf of his Royal master. The fine old mansion has had many owners, including the late Baron Hirsch and Sir Ernest Cassel. The house stands next door to the Duke of Devonshire's Newmarket quarters, and behind Grafton House is a fine training-establishment,



GRAFTON HOUSE, NEWMARKET, SAID TO HAVE BEEN BOUGHT BY SIR STANLEY CLARKE FOR THE KING.

Photograph by Sherborn.

with a way out leading to the Heath. There are at the present moment many changes going on in Newmarket. Lord Howard de Walden has taken over Bedford Cottage, and Falmouth House now belongs to Lord Derby.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A STRANGER with twenty years' record of hard-working exile at last returned from Westralian deep-levels with an adequate banking-account expresses great astonishment at the pace things have made at home in his years of gold-mining seclusion. Particularly does he want to know what has become of the British Matron, and also inquires anxiously for the Modest Maiden of his



A CHARMING DRESS WORN BY MISS MARIE DANTON  
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

youth. Both are not alone missing, but non-existent, this pessimistic millionaire submits, and it took the first four courses of a specially ordered Carlton dinner to reassure him that they were merely out of town until next month, with every well-conditioned everybody else. "But I don't meet the bland old woman of fifty-five with a large family, a lace cap, and grey hair parted in the middle," he objected. "And where is the girl before whom a smoking-room story would be out of place? And as for the ladies' papers, their advertisements are enough to frighten any man from matrimony. Stockings, garters, corsets, and—and the rest! It's painful, really painful!" There was nothing for it but to soothingly acquiesce and consider within oneself what primeval simplicity must have prevailed in 1880 and before. Girlish girls, and matronly matrons, and reticent periodicals: it sounds pastoral and primitive in this nowadays of sprightly grandmothers, and sporting grand-daughters, and shrieking divorce details, and realistically advertised nether garments. Are we indeed growing in grace and gracefulness or "advancing North" in the style of General Kuropatkin's retrogressive progression? And, to follow the argument, is that why the Clubs are filled with chronic bachelors and millionaires mourn a lost dream of womanly women?

In the matter of clothes, we, at all events, can claim the recognition of conscious merit, for never have we been so admirably detailed, so recklessly expensive, so picturesquely complete, as at the present. Our boots are no longer a byword amongst nations, our gloves are made to measure, our hair, with ondulations and brilliantine, is a

carefully elaborated picture, our subterranean subtleties are boldly blazoned in every periodical, and the essence of our *ensemble*—gowns, hats, and all garments of the exterior—are presided over by artists and composed by poets. We are no longer domestic, but we are undoubtedly decorative—at least, those of us who employ a dressmaker worthy of the name; and, as to Antipodean recluses with high ideals and rusty reminiscences, they must just accept us as we are or go without—which, all things considered, would, no doubt, be the wiser course.

That the fine art of cooking has not gone by the board with other housewifely virtues one is reminded by the arrival of a prettily bound book written by Eva Tuite, which has just been issued by the "Lemco" Company. It contains over two hundred recipes and seventy-five menus for luncheons, breakfasts, and dinners, dealing with dainty dishes which can be produced by the aid of the invincible "Lemco," which is the recently adopted name for Liebig's Extract of Meat. The book is called "Lemco Dishes for All Seasons" and will be found a useful addition to the young wife's domestic library.

As many people wait until September, for some unknown reason, to invest in cloaks, wraps, and outdoor garments generally of the all-covering-over order, let me sound a note of warning as to investing in the past season's models, however cheap or temptingly marked down.

The new dress-sleeves will be exceedingly voluminous, and not at all likely to fit into any other cloaks or coats than those keeping quick march with fashion. They slope away from the shoulders, develop immediately into inflated versions of the immortal and ever-recurring *gigot*, while from the elbow an equally sudden tight shapeliness is correct. Thus this word to the wise, after having seen the latest outpourings of inspiration both from Vienna and Paris.

September is a month which with most women is admittedly given over to renovations, and of renovations broadly one might coin an epigram which would be also an epitaph, and write, "Born in hope, died in disappointment." Was there ever in this world a *démodé* dress,



THE UP-TO-DATE COAT AND SKIRT.

[Copyright.]

coat, cape, hat, what you will, which in attempting to "renovate"—tragic word!—did not cost more than it was worth? We have all made the attempt, also have we suffered the cold chill of disappointment; and, again, some few of us have learnt wisdom from failure, while the majority of our heedless sex goes on gaily season after season essaying the impossible feat of turning old garments into new. A smart Frenchwoman once remarked, "If people only realised that fashions are brought forth by the originators with the primary object of rendering foregoing modes impossible, less would be spent by heedless dames in trying to square this sartorial circle with 'renovations.'" The truth of which I have religiously recognised ever since. Take this autumn's styles, for example. Skirts full to overflowing, sleeves and skirts that are like nothing ever worn in the memory of one generation, being a mixture of Directoire, mid-Victorian, and Charles II., as witness the Nell

Gwynne feathers of our present expensive affections. Last season's dresses are as dead as any dodo, and the woman who pins her faith on renovations and opens heedless purse-strings and summons the "little dressmaker" into her Bluebeard chamber of defunct fashions is not justified of her foolishness. Perish the little dressmaker, say I, with all her works and pomps and pompons, and may she be speedily converted into a decent housemaid, of which this servant-ridden generation is mightily more in need.

SYBIL.

PREVENTION OF FIRE: "DRENCHERS" AT THE JAEGER COMPANY'S HEADQUARTERS.

For the Folkestone Races on Thursday (Sept. 22) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of special trains. Club trains (first-class only, return day fare eight shillings) leave Charing Cross at 10.35 and 10.47 a.m.; and third-class trains (fare five shillings) leave at 9.40 and 10.15 a.m., calling at Waterloo, London Bridge, and New Cross. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

Miss Ffolliott Paget is better known in America than in this country, for, though she is an Englishwoman, she has lived so long in the United States that she is looked on almost as a native. A near relative of the Kemble family, she naturally took to the stage, and when a very young girl filled a small rôle with the Vokes family, evincing so much talent that she was engaged by the then Mr. Charles Wyndham. Nine years ago she went to America as a member of Mr. Wyndham's Company, and became so attached to the Land of the Stars and Stripes that she decided to make it her home. For a time she was a member of Mr. W. H. Crane's Company, but for the last two seasons she has been with the Jefferson combination. Though



MISS FFOLLIOTT PAGET.

Photograph by Falk, New York.

Miss Paget has played many parts with distinction, her most successful impersonation has been that of Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals," in which her American friends consider her to be as near perfection as may be. The dress Miss Paget wears as Mrs. Malaprop won a prize at the Brussels Exposition.

## THE CHINAMAN AT CHEEFOO.

[*"A Chinaman who has arrived at Cheefoo announces."*—EVERY DAILY PAPER.]

If you want to know  
How the odds may go  
In the region named Liao-tung,  
Don't look to the scribe  
Of the warlike tribe;  
For he's had his withers wrung:  
He's little use;  
For they've cooked his goose,  
And with compliments soft and low  
Constrained him to rest  
In the very best  
Hotels of Tokio.  
But ever at need  
Will Providence speed  
Some hero the work to do,  
And the fated hour  
Has revealed in power  
The Chinaman at Cheefoo.

In the public Press  
The tale of stress  
And storm before Port A.  
Is yours to read  
In a lengthy screed  
That flags not night or day;  
Is it thousands slain  
In the land campaign  
By the wiles of Kurokee,  
Or a Muscovite junk  
Or two being sunk  
In a last forlorn sortie?  
Whatever the word  
Of fire or sword,  
You may bet the news came through  
By that matchless post  
(In himself a host)  
The Chinaman at Cheefoo.

Now the excellent lie  
They made at Shanghai  
When the Boxer ruled the roast,  
Was a product refined  
Of the Eastern mind  
That carried the Press on toast  
But its day is past  
And we hail as the last  
Apostle of all that's true,  
The intelligent man  
From Liao-ti-shan,  
The Chinaman at Cheefoo.

None may outvie or  
Burleigh or Prior  
For records of derring-do,  
But the Chow who ran  
From Liao-ti-shan  
Is a chronicler rich and new;  
So while they wrestle  
With obdurate Stoessel  
And chivvy the gallant Ku-  
ropatkin, we'll look  
For news by the book  
To our Chinaman at Cheefoo,  
Hurroo!

Our Chinaman at Cheefoo!

J. D. SYMON.

## HOW TO PREVENT FIRE.

Careful precautions against fire are an absolute necessity in the case of all large firms, especially when their premises are situated in the midst of a network of crowded city streets. If every great warehouse in London were as efficiently protected as are the headquarters of the Jaeger Company, at 95, Milton Street, E.C., the danger might well be regarded as almost infinitesimal, for by a system of "Drenchers" it is possible to cover the outside walls with a sheet of water sufficient to prevent any fire catching hold. An additional and novel feature is the installation of a Hydraulic Injector, which, working at a pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch, raises the water from the mains to the top of the buildings. The roof also is protected by "Drenchers," while the interior is supplied with a number of automatic "Sprinklers." So complete and satisfactory is the system that the heavy insurance which the Company had to pay has been largely reduced, so that the cost of the installation will be recouped in a comparatively short time. The valves which start the "Drenchers" are operated from outside, and, the police in the district being well acquainted with their working, an additional safeguard is thus provided. The Jaeger Company recently gave a display of the working of these various contrivances which was attended by many members of the Press and representatives of nearly every Fire Insurance Company in London.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.*

## STILL HOPEFUL.

ALTHOUGH business has not increased to any appreciable extent, the good Bank Return and cheap money has assisted to maintain the hopeful tone of the Stock Markets. One would have imagined that Capel Court had surfeited of living on hope, but it seems as if the meal can still be digested.

In these columns we have not thought any useful purpose would be served by joining in the cry which several of our contemporaries have raised for an official confirmation of the rumours as to banquet formation being discovered in Rhodesia. We thought it was far better that the Directors of the Rhodesia Exploration Company and the other concerns interested should have ample opportunity of ascertaining the truth before rushing into print, than that they should publish half the story, and the circular which has now been issued is ample justification of the attitude we took up. If the expectations of the Company's engineers—for as yet they are only expectations—should turn out well-grounded, there will be something solid to build upon, but in the meantime it is well that would-be purchasers should understand they are embarking on a gamble.

Last week we made some strong remarks as to the Boulder Deep scandal and the part played by Mr. Gardiner, the Chairman of the Company, in the matter. These observations were based on the report of the Commission appointed by the Government of Western Australia to inquire into the matter. Since we wrote, Mr. Gardiner has issued a letter to the shareholders, of which he has not favoured us with a copy, but, we understand, he states that he did not deal in the shares while he was getting early and private telegrams from the manager. If this is the effect of Mr. Gardiner's circular, we accept his statement without reserve, and are sorry we were led to a different conclusion by the report. That the manager of a mine should send the earliest information to the Board is right and proper; that he should be asked to verify before publication what look like too optimistic forecasts may be also right and proper. What we objected to was, that the Board, or any member of it, should use information obtained in

an official capacity for private advantage, and we are glad to accept Mr. Gardiner's assurance that he did not do so. In resigning the Chairmanship of the Boulder Perseverance Company until the new inquiry as to that Company is concluded, Mr. Gardiner has taken a straightforward course, and we sincerely trust that, when the report is made public in due course, he may be able to resume the position which he has laid down for the moment.

## YANKEE PROSPECTS.

We admit a considerable admiration for the people who are working the present Yankee boomlet. To storm at them for their wickedness may sound very ethically correct, but our poor human frailty is compelled to yield homage to the handsome way in which the thing is being done. So long as the public are not done too, all will be well. The market is, to use a homely phrase, not everybody's money. After the way in which the low-priced shares have been taken in hand one after the other of recent weeks, it is impossible to tell how much farther the wire-pullers are prepared to put them. The advances in Little Eries and Little Southerns are supposed to be justified by the probability of dividends being declared, and, according to the published accounts of both lines, the Boards might declare 2 per cent. in each case without making too great inroads into the treasuries. What the speculator boggles at, however, is the stiff rise that has taken place so rapidly. Why has it come almost without warning? The manifest reply naturally is that most boomlets come like a thief in the night, inexplicably, unreasonably, it may be. Shrewd people are asking whether the "bosses" will let go of their shares, and therefore of prices, as soon as the Presidential Election is over, and such a contingency is worth bearing in mind.

## MINING MEMS.

One of these days the Stock Exchange will walk over part of its floor and say, "Here there used to be what was called the West Australian Market." After the slump in Great Boulder Proprietary,

nobody will be surprised at anything; the shares were always regarded as one of the few white sheep possessed by this market, and "Dick" Hamilton, the Manager, is considered one of the still fewer thoroughly honest men in his profession. For sudden destruction to fall upon these shares through a bear raid was an undreamt of catastrophe, and the instinct of the short interest has too often turned out to be correct for their operations to go unheeded. We should be exceedingly sorry to put anyone into Westralians of any kind, and the Jungle seems to be getting into quite as bad a state, although here the cause of the flatness is more transparent, in the poor character of the crushings from the various groups. Rhodesians look quite sufficiently high at present, and Kaffirs are still left severely alone by the public. We look longingly for a new Japanese or Tibetan Mining Market, Iwate Deep for instance, or Lassa Lands.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

To their shame be it said, the Managers of the Stock Exchange have not yet adopted my suggestion for the opening of the House to the public upon payment of a guinea per head. (For further particulars see small bills.) Therefore, the natural sequence is that outsiders still affect to ignore our existence to a great extent. The only thoroughly busy market in the House is that given up to Argentine and other Foreign Rails. Not even the Yankee Market can compete in volume of orders with the handful of dealers who command Argentine Railway prices. There are not many of those dealers: competition has never flourished, and perhaps the reason why it does not seek to enter has some connection with the large amount of capital requisite before new-comers can so much as hope to make a success of their market—capital, and a good deal of specialised information such as is always demanded from a department mostly devoted to investment and speculative investment. But the firms who have now got the business into their hands are enviably active, and it is not surprising that their prosperity should draw covetous glances in their direction, especially from the adjacent mining sections. The recent slight set-back in Rosario Ordinary was the outcome of profit-taking and

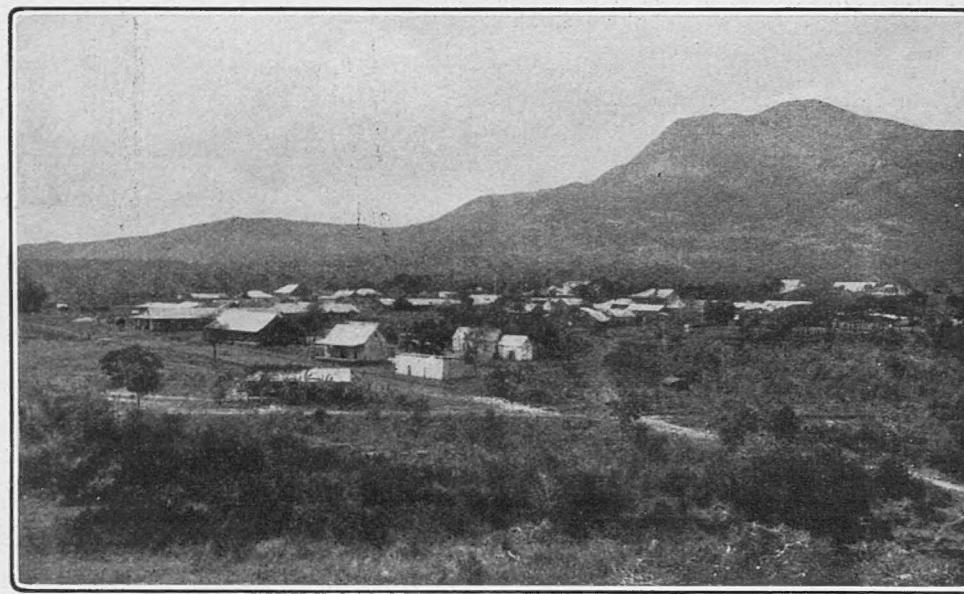
need not be regarded by those who bought the stock for investment. As the price has risen about 10 points since I began to urge you, gentle Reader, to put your money into the stock, you must not mind if I suggest you should also believe when I say the price will go to par. Certain tips that failed to answer my expectations I frankly confess to have given; with all sorrow I admit it, and yet one does one's utmost to test a tip before circulating it. But, as regards Roseys, you have no cause with which to find fault.

Talking of tips, a man came to me in the middle of August and said most positively that he had certain information which made him sure Rhodesia Explorations were to have a very sharp rise. Naturally I scoffed politely; a member of the House gets as many tips as a waiter, only less profitable ones, and this, to my mind, was one of the usual kind. The price was about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  at

that time. Now, if my friend knew there was something afoot, other people probably had still better information. That was, I repeat, in the middle of August, just before the pronounced buying commenced, but the official news did not appear until last week—some three weeks later. This hardly strikes a disinterested onlooker as likely to foster much confidence in the mind of shareholders in the Company, who are on the tenterhooks of expectation all the while that the market is playing with the price of their shares, and who are equally in the dark as to whether they should buy or sell. Rhodesians are delicate things to handle, and, satisfactory as the banquet news undoubtedly is, my own feeling would be to sell Rhodesia Explorations, on the probable chance of being able to pick them up more cheaply later on. Those insiders who bought the shares at prices between  $2\frac{3}{4}$  and 4 will be wanting to get out if they may just as well realise your shares first.

What is holding the Trunk Market up it is difficult to say. Even with bumper traffics the line will have all its work cut out to make enough money to satisfy the First Preference dividend, and, from all accounts, the Canadian harvest will not be up to the standard of last year. For Thirds to stand at anything like the same price as North British Ordinary seems entirely illogical, and the four or five points that separate the one from the other are, in my opinion, an illustration of the dearth of Thirds rather than of the cheapness of British. Nevertheless, North British "Deferred," as so many of the newspapers call it, is a fair speculative investment, paying nearly  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on the money and worth more than Dover "A," which stands at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  at the time I write and has received no dividend since February 1900. Its prospects for the next two and a half years are little more brilliant than the achievements of the last two and a half, whereas North British, despite the new issue, might easily go to 50.

From Dover "A" to Brighton "A" is a short step. A friend of mine who wrote to some outside stock and share jobbers at Manchester, called "Freeborn, Franklin, and Co.," received this wire from them last Thursday: "Buy Brighton Deferred large as possible. Wire amount." This telegram went to his private address in the middle of the day, and next morning he received an imitation type-written letter regretting that these people had not heard from him in reply, but presuming he was away when their telegram arrived. "We consider the present," ran this circular, "an exceptionally favourable opportunity to speculate in the stock recommended and trust to receive your esteemed instructions," &c. All the letter, with the exception of the date, the words "Brighton Deferred," and the name of my friend are in this imitation type-writing, although the signature of Freeborn, Franklin, and Co. is done by an indiarubber stamp. Evidently this firm is quite used to having its telegraphic address disregarded, otherwise it would hardly go to the expense of having these letters printed. What one would like to know is how these people make their money out of such dealings. Of course, they have fairly long odds in their favour as against their client, because a stock must rise considerably more than it has to fall for the cover to be doubled or lost respectively. Judging from the tone of their circulars, the recipient might almost be led to suppose that they were dealing on philanthropic



MACEQUACE, CHIEF TOWN OF THE MINING DISTRICT OF MANICA.

principles; but then, of course, the mere member of the Stock Exchange cannot expect to understand these mysteries of *haute finance*. I do hope, however, that my friend won't lose his money if he starts betting.

So far as can be seen at present, the professionals seem likely to remain in possession of the Kaffir Circus. Outputs come and Coolies go, but the public passes by for ever. When the present condition of things is going to stop, goodness only knows. Much harm has been done to the market by the Coronation affair, much by the knowledge that Johannesburg had early information and acted upon it. Then the City and Suburban spasm wasn't pleasant, you know. It bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the Heriot collapse of a year or two ago, and, however inevitable such things must be in gold-mining, they are none the less embarrassing when they come, especially in the case of mines on the main reef of the Rand, which, we have been so constantly told, is as capable of being mathematically "sized up" as a sum in simple division. No, the waiting-time has to be further prolonged even yet, and the prospect for another Kaffir boom is not so near as Christmas.

"Can you suggest a perfectly sound investment paying 5 per cent. and likely to increase in price?" wrote a lady client the other day. "It must be *perfectly* secure, because it is for a servant of mine." The answer was in the usual style, guardedly telling how 5 per cent. stocks were not entirely safe, but recommending a number of these, together with others paying less. "Will you kindly let us know the amount to be invested," the broker's letter concluded. A week later came the reply; her servant, wrote the lady client, had been seriously considering the matter, and thought that, perhaps, after all, she had better keep the five pounds in the Post Office. And so did

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL" PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The price of this Company's 5 per cent. Preference shares is so absurdly low that we cannot refrain from calling attention to them. For years the annual profits of the two papers which the Company owns have varied from £20,000 to £25,000, and we happen to know that the earnings of either the *Lady's Pictorial* or the *Sporting and Dramatic* alone would have been sufficient to pay the Preference interest. Probably the present year will be a lean one, for there is a general complaint among old-established papers that advertisements are hard to get; but it is most unlikely that the profits will be below £21,000 or thereabouts, or considerably more than enough to pay the Preference dividend twice over (it takes £9250), and there are, and can be, no Debentures without the consent of the Preference shareholders. This being the state of affairs, the £5 shares can be purchased for about £3 10s., and we know of a parcel changing hands at £3 5s. Surely a share so well secured upon the earnings of two old-established papers, whose profits have for at least ten years been double the amount required to pay the Preference dividend, must be absurdly cheap to yield a return of over 7 per cent., or, at £3 5s., of 7½ per cent. Nobody suggests that newspaper shares are Consols, but it is commonly said in the trade that it is harder to kill even a bad paper than to establish a good one; and here we have two good ones, each established for over twenty years, and yielding a return on the present market-price of their shares which not very long ago would have made investors' mouths water. We honestly believe they are the cheapest investment, all things considered, in the market.

Saturday, Sept. 10, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

QUESTION.—We do not know the people you inquire about, but they appear to have carried on business at the present address since 1901. It is in their favour that we have had no complaints.

IGNORANT.—There are plenty of investments which are nearly as safe as Consols, but they yield low rates of interest. In Corporation stocks, Railway Debentures, and the like, you will get about £3 7s. 6d. per cent. Colonial stocks might give you a little more, and perfectly safe things like Johannesburg Corporation Loan will give you over 4 per cent. Mortgages might be got to return 4½ per cent., but these must be looked for through a respectable solicitor and are not to be bought like stocks and shares. Divide your money and invest it as we recommended "Widow" in our last issue.

T. W.—We should not advise the purchase of either of the shares.

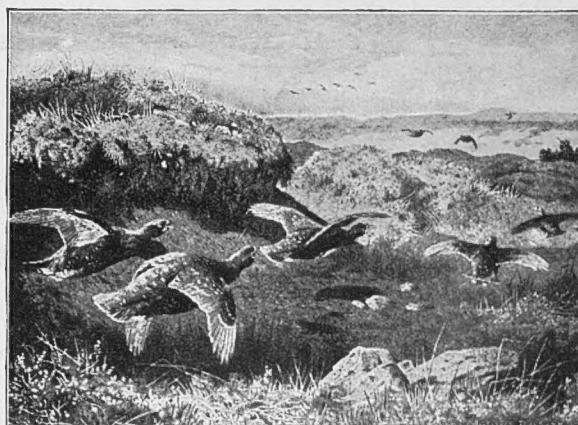
WILL.—If you sell the shares through the tout you mention, don't part with the transfer except against cash.

THE MUTUAL RESERVE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—We are asked to state that, in view of the House of Lords' decision in the Foster case, a Committee of policy-holders has been formed for the protection of their interests, and that this Committee will be glad to have the names and addresses of all policy-holders in Great Britain. The secretary is Mr. H. A. Grimsditch, 122, Victoria Street, Westminster, to whom all letters and information should be sent.

The expectations of a highly successful season at Dieppe, which commenced so favourably, have been more than realised. This pleasant Normandy watering-place, with its numerous attractions and charming environs, is undoubtedly fast growing in favour. The usual number of visitors has been largely augmented this year, and the increased English patronage is particularly noticeable. Many and varied amusements are provided by the Casino, while first-class Companies are appearing at the theatre.

A book which will appeal to all music-lovers is "Sir Arthur Sullivan: his Life and Music," to be published in the course of a few days by Messrs. Nisbet. The author, Mr. B. W. Findon, the well-known musical and dramatic critic of the *Morning Post* and a cousin of Sir Arthur, has had special opportunities of fitting himself for his task, and, while his chief aim has been to produce a handy little volume which shall be useful alike to the student and the musical amateur, many of the pages reflect the spirit of numerous conversations and Sir Arthur's opinions on matters which he would not openly discuss in his lifetime.

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After Archibald Thorburn.

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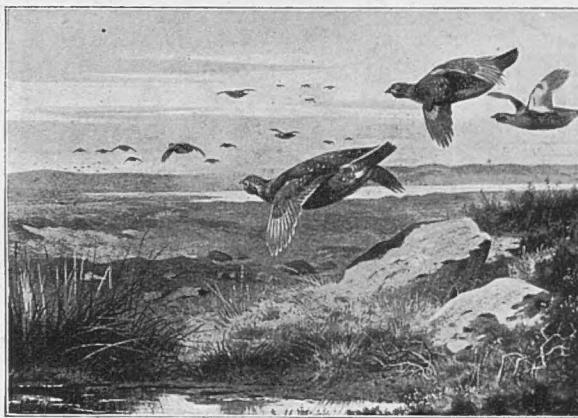
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